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THE TATLER and Bystander. 15th Mar. 1961

JEAN ALLEN

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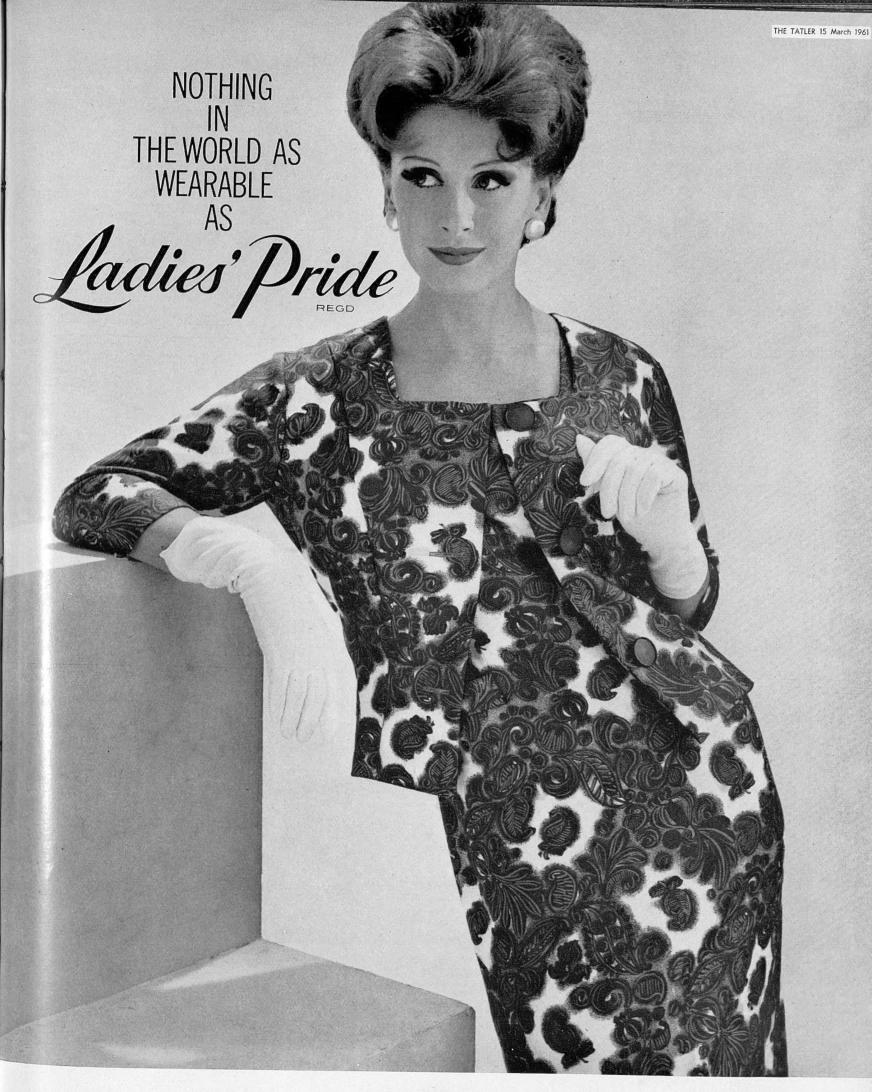
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Volume CCXXXIX Number 3107

Spring fashion no.

15 MARCH 1961

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A NEW SERVICE-STARTING SOON

For many years requests have been received to publish paid announcements of forthcoming weddings. It is now possible to satisfy this demand, and the first page will be in the issue of 12 April, 1961. This incidentally will be The Tatler's London Season number and will also be widely circulated in the United States, where it will be the Magazine of the Month of British Publications Inc. The rate for announcements will be one guinea a printed line, and copy should be sent to MISS D. CARDING at this address. Further details of this service, which will enable news of forthcoming weddings to be widely circulated among readers' friends, will be published shortly. The innovation will not affect the weekly page of wedding and engagement pictures. These are selected editorially (contrary to some impressions, they are never paid for) and will continue to appear. They are on page 566 this week. . . .

This week's issue, our Spring Fashion number, speaks for itself. There are nine pages of clothes with the Paris touch already in the shops (page 525 onwards)... two pages of the new season's hats (page 546)... two pages of new accessories (page 540)... and something new in country checks (page 542). But this predominance of fashion does not crowd out social news or any of the usual reviews, and topical features include a fascinating prognosis for Bath (*The Divine Dormitory*) by the young novelist Ronald Blythe, and a provocative look at next week's Korean art exhibition at the Victoria & Albert (*Oriental art—or arty?*) by Robert Wraight....

Miss Elizabeth Taylor: A lighthearted reference to Miss Taylor's indispositions appeared in last week's feature on Lloyd's. This was written at a time when Miss Taylor was in full health and it had gone to press before the news broke of her emergency operation for pneumonia. We would like to express our regret for this unfortunate reference and our wishes for Miss Taylor's rapid and complete recovery.

The cover:



Marc Bohan's floral chiffon dresses were a sensation in the first collection he designed for Dior. "Jardin d'Italie," in shades of mauve, rose and white silk chiffon mounted on a silk sheath printed with the same design, is being made in London by Debenham & Freebody in their Gainsborough Room, in the original and other materials. Prices on application. Photograph by Alfredo De Molli.

Next week: One-horse owners—and others. . . .

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL AND SPORTING

Point-to-points (today) Lamerton at Kilworthy: (tomorrow) Tetcott at Bradworthy; (18 March) Aldenham Harriers at Friars Wash, Bolventor Harriers at Lemalla, Border Hunts at Drakemyre, Cotley and Seavington at Cotley, Golden Valley at Bredwardine, Haydon at Limestone Bank, Norwich Staghounds at Hethersett, Romney Marsh at East Guldeford, Sir W. W. Wvnn's at Malpas, Tiverton Staghounds at Loosebeare, Tivyside at Lantyhen, W. Warwick's Farmers at Alcester, York, Ainsty (N. and S.) at Acomb; (22 March) Dart Vale & Haldon Harriers, at Totnes.

Quorn Hunt Ball, 17 March, at Quenby Hall (by permission of Sir Harold & Lady Nutting).

Film première of "Mr. Topaz" (with Peter Sellers) to be attended by Prince Philip, 20 March, at the Carlton Theatre, Haymarket, in aid of the National Playing Fields Association and the Jewish National Fund Trust. Tickets: £1 to £25 from the Jewish National Fund, 65 Southampton Row, W.C.1 (MUS 6111.)

Evening of poetry and music (Dame Peggy Ashcroft, Laurie Lee & Julian Bream), 21 March, at the Ironmongers' Hall, in aid of refugees. Tickets: 1 gn. to 3 gns. from the International Service Department, UNA, 25 Charles Street, W.1. (Gno 2784.)

Springtime Ball, 23 March, at the May Fair Hotel, in aid of the Charterhouse Rheumatism Clinic. Tickets: £2 12s. 6d. from Mrs. Ronald Ferguson, at the Clinic, 54 Weymouth Street, W.1.

RACE MEETINGS

Opening of the flat racing season, 20 March, at Lincoln (Lincolnshire, 22 March).

Grand National, Aintree, 25 March.

Steeplechasing: Lingfield Park, today & tomorrow: Stratford-on-Avon, tomorrow; Sandown Park (Grand Military), 17, 18; Sedgefield, Uttoxeter, 18; Ayr, 18, 20; Folkestone, 20; Fontwell Park, 22; Aintree, 23, 24–25 March.

RUGBY & GOLF

England v. Scotland (Calcutta Cup), Twickenham, 18 March.

Amateur-Professional Foursomes, Wentworth, Surrey, to 17 March.

MUSIC

Covent Garden Opera. Fidelio, 7.30 p.m. tonight & 18 March (when opera season ends.) (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. Ondine, 7.30 p.m., 16 March; La Fête Etrange, The Invitation, Veneziana, 7.30 p.m., 17 March; Les Deux Pigeons, Façade, 2 p.m., 18 March; The Sleeping Beauty, 7.30 p.m., 20, 21, 22 March.

Sadler's Wells Opera. Eugene Onegin, tonight; The Marriage Of Figaro, 16, 18 March; Tosca, 17 March. 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

ART

Sir Edwin Landseer, Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1, to 14 May.

Peter Thorneycroft (paintings), Trafford Gallery, to 30 March.

Collectors' Choice, Gimpel Fils, South Molton Street, W.1.

Leon Underwood (sculpture), Kaplan Gallery, Duke Street, W.1, to 30 March. (Robert Wraight writes on page 555.)

EXHIBITIONS

Weekend living. Ideas for furnishing a country cottage. Design Centre, Haymarket, to 8 April.

"Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, to 3 April.

Korean Exhibition, Victoria & Albert Museum, 23 March-7 May. (See page 544.)

National Stamp Exhibition, Central



ERICH AUERBACH

BEETHOVEN'S ONLY OPERA, Fidelio, performed at Covent Garden this winter for the first time since 1954, is having its last performances tonight and 18 March, Singing here in the final scene are Jon Vickers (Florestan), Sena Jurinac (Leonore), and Forbes Robinson (Don Fernando)

Hall, Westminster, 17-25 March.

AUCTION SALES

Sotheby's. The Makower Collection of English and Continental silver & plate, 16 March; Works of art, tapestries, Aubusson carpets and French furniture, 17 March; Chinese ceramics & works of art, 21 March; Impressionist & modern drawings & sculpture, 22 March. All 11 a.m. (HYD 6545.)

FIRST NIGHTS

Queen's Theatre. The Lady From The Sea, tonight.

Adelphi Theatre. The Music Man, 16 March.

Aldwych Theatre, Stratford Memorial Company, The Hollow Crown. 19 March. (One night only.)
Royal Court Theatre. Jacques, 22 March.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 548.

The Devils. "...Mr. Whing makes a bold attempt on the big, fine play he should some day write ... produced with imaginative expertness... many similarities in St. Joan." Dorothy Tutin, Richard Johnson. (Aldwych, TEM 6404

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 549.

The Facts Of Life. "... a pleasing, mild comedy of marital infidelity ... Mr. Bob Hope plays a straight part very nearly dead straight ... and Miss Lucille Ball returns to the cinema with her charm undiminished." Bob Hope, Lucille Ball, Ruth Hussey, Don De Fore. (Odeon, Leicester Square, wiii 6111.)

BRIGGS by Graham











GOING PLACES LATE

The more things change

Douglas Sutherland

EVERY GENERATION SEEMS ENslaved to the conviction that the more things change, the more they change for the worse. Fathers and uncles grumble darkly that "Things are not what they were in my day." They are quite right of course, but I wonder if the implied inference of a general decline in standards of late night entertainment is really justified. Certainly there have been changes in the London scene even over the last 10 years. Old and familiar names have given way to new ones. That cosy little place where one was so well known is now a shoe shop; the club where the old gang used to meet is now devoted to non-stop strip-tease. These portents of passing years are bound to hurt and so too perhaps is the current cost of an evening's entertainment. But I suspect that even this is subject to exaggeration. After all, those happy memories of long past sprees seldom have a price tag fixed

What in fact should one pay for a good meal with a bottle of wine and dancing? Prices do vary widely but perhaps not as widely as ideas on what constitutes "a good night out."

It is still possible to stay up late and enjoy yourself at around £5 for two. For £10 you can have quite a ball and if you go much over that you have been ignoring the advice that this avuncular columnist has been offering you all these months.

My own view is that the general picture has changed surprisingly little but there are one or two trends worth noting which may help to buffer the shock for the exile revisiting the scenes of his former glory. Let him beware, first of all, of the brightly lit exteriors of places he does not know by reputation. Words like "fabulous" used in neon lights outside a night spot may usually be taken to refer to the bill rather than the talents of the cabaret. As in every capital in the world there are plenty of places out to eatch the tourist and the expense account customer.

Remember, too, that with the passing of the old "bottle party" club it is no longer necessary to buy a bottle of gin to put on your table with the unexpended portion to be kept for you on your next visit. Most night club goers now order spirits by the glass or drink a

modest bottle of wine—particularly in the better class clubs. Entrance money, too, is becoming less fierce than it used to be. A £1 entrance fee usually includes breakfast (make sure this has been remembered when you get the bill), in some clubs it is waived altogether or costs you a modest five or ten shillings.

Then there are several new places worth a call. They aim at giving value for money and are competing well with some of the more established names. A good example is 55 Jermyn Street noted in this column some weeks back.

As a final note of cheer, the despondent fathers and uncles before-mentioned might do well to consider the great deal that has not changed at all. The 400 Club stands where it did and though dinner jackets are no longer de rigueur, most people still wear them. Customers are still a mixture of old stagers trying to recapture the joys of youth, and of the young and pinkcheeked seeing it all for the first time. Regimental reunions are still apt to finish up at the Bag o' Nails in Kingly Street and aunties are still dining their favourite nephews at the Berkeley.

Cabaret calendar

Quaglino's (WHI 6767) Gordon Clyde and Jean Rayner.

Talk of the Town (REG 5051) Max Bygraves until March 25, Lena Horne opens March 27. Colony (MAY 1657) Ron Moody, Fagin from Oliver!

Embassy (HYD 5275) Los Valldermosas, Spanish song and dance group with supporting bill.

Society (REG 0565) Tania Velia. Pigalle (REG 6423) Betty Hutton. Blue Angel (MAY 1443) Noel Harrison.



KNOW YOUR BARMAN—9. Quaglino's: Toni Rocque, a Londoner, has been head barman here for 10 years. Before that he was at Murray's Club, now closed. His special cocktail, which he calls Brandy Janvier, consist of ½ brandy, ¼ dry vermouth, ¼ ye low chartreuse and ¼ fresh ora ge. Serve it iced with a clerry

GOING PLACES TO EAT

Cutting costs in Chelsea

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays
W.B. = Wise to book a table
The Chelsea Bun, 11 King's Road.
(Opposite Peter Jones and down

Opposite Peter Jones and down the court.) sto 4629. Useful for a shopping luncheon—an adequate three-course meal costs 4s.—or something before the play at the Royal Court. Main course costs from 3s. 3d. to 4s. 9d., including plenty of vegetables. A bowl of piping hot home-made soup is 1s., the tomato & cheese rarebit for 3s. is almost a meal in itself. The cooking is good, plain, and English. Décor clean-cut, modern and functional. No licence.

Grosvenor House, Park Lane. (GRO 6363.) Where can we eat before the theatre? The grillroom now provides a good answer with a special theatre dinner served each weekday from 6 p.m. to 7 p.m. There are three courses. A choice of thick or clear soup, or fish; poultry or meat with vegetables; and sweet or cheese. The cost is one guinea, plus 12½ per cent service charge, and the service is

such as to ensure that you will get away on time.

Maison Prunier, 72 St. James's Street. (HYD 1373.) C.S. What should one eat and drink after the theatre, assuming that one is both really hungry and thirsty? Madame Prunier answered the first half of the question recently for my wife and myself with her admirable Souper Intime of three courses for 25s. 6d. We drank first a halfbottle of a still champagne Vin Blanc de Mesnil 1959 followed by a half-bottle of a Château Latour (Pauillae) 1950, and both were notable for their delicacy. Why, in Britain, do we not drink still champagnes more often? W.B.

Le Jardin Des Gourmets, Greek Street, Soho. (GER 1816.) C.S. It is a long time since I have eaten a better terrine, followed by an excellent coquille St. Jacques. Both supported this long-established restaurant's claim to provide traditional French cooking of a high order. The wine list is remarkable

for the number of 1947 and 1949 vintages it can offer still, and they are not unduly expensive. The service is excellent, so is the coffee. I would not hesitate to take a critical citizen of Lyons or Paris to this restaurant. Cost? About 24s. per head without wine. W.B.

The Gazelle Grill, 128 Victoria Street. C.S. Conveniently situated between the Army & Navy Stores (luncheon), and Crazy Gang (dinner); just round the corner from Westminster Cathedral and five minutes' walk from Victoria. Clean, modern lines, with tables properly spaced. Simple grillroom menu, but with good cooking and high-quality meat. Main course, from 6s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. is good value for money. Send out for wines.

The Carlton Tower, Rib Room (BEL 5411.) This 200-seat Americantype restaurant, with walls of oak panels and red felt and banquettes covered with black leather, is dominated by a 16 ft. long copper canopy. Under it stands the carver with the joints of beef that with jacket potatoes and vegetables are its single speciality. It is certainly some of the best meat in London, and about the most expensive, for this is essentially a rich man's restaurant, organized to satisfy the highest standard of 1960 Anglo-

American sophistication. Allo £2 a head, without drink, and yot will not be far out. But everything is of the highest quality, from the Lindwrought silver plates and red rish linen table cloths to the Swidish glass and outsize crystal chand lier. W.B.

WINE NOTE

Thirty-six shillings is the price of two bottles of fine sherry. It is also the cost of Julian Jeffs's Sherry, published recently by Faber & Faber. The reading of it should add to the enjoyment of this remarkable wine, which Britons have been drinking for centuries, and in increasing quantities in recent years. Mr. Jeffs worked in Jerez for a leading shipper, and he has decanted a wealth of knowledge into his book, which I found quite fascinating. It is a blend of history, background knowledge, and technical detail reduced to simple language.

Sherry must be good for one. Mr. Jeffs records that "if a sherry shipper dies aged less than 70, his colleagues regard it as a case of infant mortality." He reminds us of what I had forgotten, that Shakespeare put into the mouth of Sir John Falstaff a magnificent tribute to the virtues of a "good sherris-sack."



Frank Usher

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GOING PLACES ABROAD

Memo on Monte Carlo

Doone Beal

THEY SAY YOU CANNOT EXPECT June in January this side of North Africa, and for the most part they are all too right. However, whether or not it was one of nature's bonuses, I found Monte Carlo hot, blue and sunny during the first weekend in February when I was there for the Nuit de Paris Gala.

This luxuriant little jewel of a town, byword for decades of pleasure, setting for the second act of many a drawing-room comedy in the days when people zerote such things-is the victim of the most quixotic man-made seasons. The original winter season, Monte Carlo's raison d'être, continues until 1 April, with a clientele of well-heeled, wellfurred gentry who sip up its midday winter sunshine outside the Café de Paris. The summer season does not start until 1 July, and, so far as many British visitors are concerned, not until August.

During the past five years, Aristotle Onassis and Prince Rainier, with their Syndicat de Societé des Bains de Mer, have contrived to pull Monte Carlo up—if I may use so inelegant an expression—by its boot-strings. To the accompaniment of quite a rush of blood to the head on the part of some of its more reactionary devotees.

An English resident pointed out

to me that the Syndicat's efforts to shift English society to Monte Carlo during the precious weeks of Ascot, Wimbledon, Lord's, Henley and Goodwood were likely to be in vain, and she was probably right. But to less socially anxious swallows, it seems to me that at least part of this period—from mid-May until the end of June, with superlative weather and a twenty per cent drop in hotel prices, is worth flying over for.

In the luxurious Hotel de Paris, the price differences are from between 50 n.f., a day for double room out of season, to 70 n.f., in it. At the nearby Hermitage, between 29 n.f., and 42 n.f., similarly. All depending of course on the room, whether it faces the sea, has a balcony and so on. Equally, down on the beach the Reserve charge only 30 n.f. and 40 otherwise for double room, bath and demi-pension. And there are various other small hotels in the town with similar rates.

However—and this is a point worth considering—the Syndicat control the Hotel de Paris, the Hermitage, and (though they are only open during the summer) the Old and New Beach hotels, as well as the Casino and both the Larvotto and Monte Carlo beaches. Entrance to the Casino (5 n.f.) and to either

of the beaches (from 12 n.f.) is free to their guests; as also is transport from the hotel to the beach and back (an agreeable walk in the winter sunshine, but rather a toil in the heat).

Not having been to Monte Carlo since the inception of its new look, I was interested to see exactly what has happened. Prince Rainier's father, Prince Pierre, has recently assumed Presidency of the Golf Club at Mont Agel, and is having two new long holes landscaped as well as a reservoir from which to water the greens in summer. (A professional quibble was that they got too dry and fast, owing to the lack of rain, though with that view who cares?)

Down on the main beach is an innovation I truly appreciate; a hairdresser's in which to bridge. during the twilight hours, the gap between sea-soaked locks and something a little more soignée for the (considerable) festivity of Monte Carlo's evenings. An immense swimming pool, on the beach itself, is flanked by three different restaurants, ranging from the full works to le snack. Plus shops. But to give a Miami-like impression of all this would be false; nothing has been done to obscure the magnificent backdrop of the hills, and as nearly as the primitive and the luxurious can be combined, they have been.

In the harbour area, the new tall apartment blocks are still set against such a huge area of mountain side that they remain well in proportion and—frankly—are something I would never even have noticed unless I had been looking

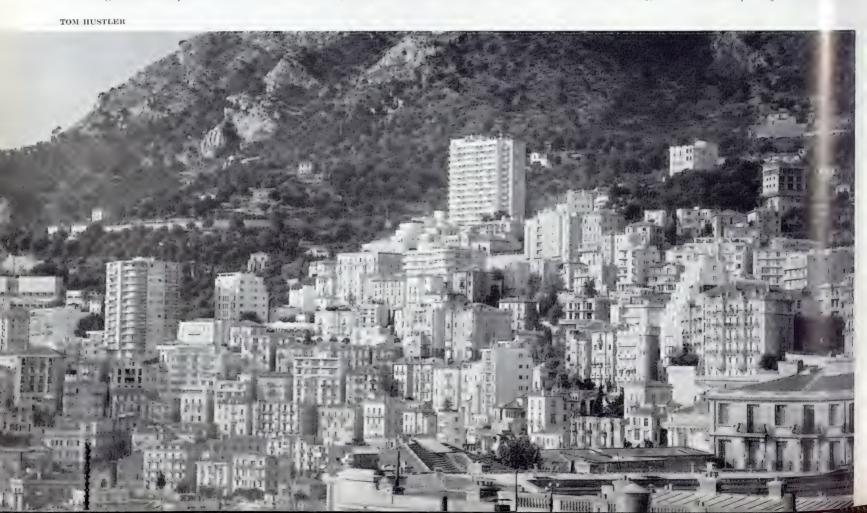
out for it. The harbourside swimming pool is not yet complete but, judging by other things the *Syndicat* has done, I have no reason to suppose it won't look very pretty when they've finished with it.

One great appeal of Monte Carlo to me—is that it is so un-beat. The Casino Cabaret, newly decorated in a vaguely Venetian style, has a reasonably sized dance floor and a superb twenty-piece orchestra above which you can actually hear yourself speak. The can-can cabaret is dressed, and performs, with all the verve and vulgarity of Lautree. In the white and gilt rococco dining. room of the Hotel de Paris one dines, if not cheaply, at least beautifully, with lots of space and pleasant background music. A four-storey rotunda has been built on to the hotel, atop which is an open air grill with a view right round the harbour to the moun-

The Scotch Club, just opposite, is, however, a concession to the young. It is rustic in the Jacobean idiom, with banquettes, strident music and a dance floor of postage stamp proportions. I am told that in the season, you can't put a pin between the customers. For quiet dining, the bistro César still goes strong as does Rampoldi, which has good food but is not cheap, round the corner from the Café de Paris.

During the summer, B E.A.'s mid-week night flight to 1 ice is £27 10s. return.

Tall new apartment blocks gainst a backdrop of mountainside



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THE Lansdown Crescent, with Beckford's bridge DIVINE DIVINE ROPE DORMARCH DORMAN BY JENNIE ROPE

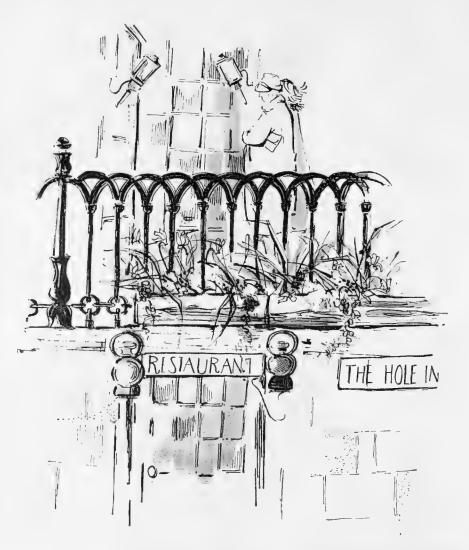
With the Navy expanding, the cure-takers thinning out, and
British Railways running a new commuters' special, the city of Beau
Nash looks due for another age of elegance... by RONALD BLYTHE

Lie turning-point came a while ago during the Navy Estimates scare, when it was suggested that all the civil servants and sailors whom Mr. Chamberlain had sent to Bath in 1939 should return to London because they were spending something like £40,000 a year travelling to and from Whitchall. Now 1939 is a long time ago. There are people doing well at Lime Grove who weren't even born then. Many of these poor threatened desk admirals have become first-generation Bathonians. More appositely, they and their families are now an integral part of Bath's economy. There are between 4,000 and 5,000 of them and their departure would mean a serious dilemma for Bath

traders and Bath rates. However, the calamity has been averted; the Navy is to stay, it seems. But that there should be any such dilemma at all in this extravagantly attractive city is thought-provoking enough. After all, if Bath were in Italy we'd lay out our traveller's cheques in piles to spend a month a year in it.

It has now been brought to within an hour and a half's commuting distance from London—and luxury commuting at that. Probably what is the best train in England now leaves Bath daily (Mondays-Fridays) at eight in the morning, which means that if you have a flat in England's

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



The Hole-in-the-Wall, Bath..."an eating place that cannot be too highly recommended..."



Double glass keeps the windows from misting up and preserves an uncanny silence on the Bristol Pullman. This is a

first-class carriage. The run to Bath takes 90 minutes

THE DIVINE DORMITORY continued

Florence—Landor's phrase, not mine—you can eat your breakfast in it and be at your office in town by 10. The same smooth Pullman gets you home again at 6.30. This imaginative gesture by British Railways, begun six months ago, could easily be the beginnings of doing for Bath what Beau Nash did for it in 1702, when he arrived to find a potential firework of a city which only needed a little spirited fanning into life for it to coruscate its pleasures over a whole century. If Sir Brian Robertson can link Somerset to W.2 in 90 minutes, and so impose a fresh residential pattern on Bath, he will eventually do what no amount of municipal pride and promotions like the Bath Festival can ever do: he will make the town live again.

Which leads me to admit, truth being what it is, that the glories of mid-20-century Bath did not begin to reveal themselves to me until I was half-way through an astorishing hors-d'oeuvre in the Hole-in-the-Wall restaurant an eating place that cannot be too highly recommer led. Bath is not just the original props for The School for Scandal I decided, nor a stamping-ground for superanni ited Anglo-Indian elephants, nor a kind of secular Lourder nor Barset in excelsis, nor a museum. It was intended t be, and remains, a master plan for urban residence. Simply that. The two John Woods, father and son, who contived the almost imperial triumphs of the Circus, Royal Crevent, Lansdown Crescent and scores of lesser streets, far from embarrassing the polythene age with a legacy of unher able palaces, have left instead a whole city of near-p rfect dwellings which not only divide equably into flats, but are also able to admit a fair sprinkling of Gio Ponti-in pired furniture among the Chippendale, and a Carel Veight among the Copleys.

The Bath Corporate Property Committee's function is to buy up these grand terrace houses as they fall vacant and to adapt them carefully to modern living conditions. This committee is also engaged in the daunting task of cleaning the face of Bath. Already in many places the dark gold oolite stone of which the entire city is built is beginning to glow with the soft intensity of buildings in a Cozens water-colour.

All well and good. But it isn't time to sit back and look at this stage. Complacency has been Bath's second name for far too long. For generations now the economy of the city has rested on the false premise that the whole duty of Bath was to preserve moribund manners. Nobody seems to remember that Bath at its best—in the third and 18th centuries respectively—was fashionable and intensely concerned with the present, not the past. Life must go on, not on and on, as the young gentleman remarked as he pushed his grandmother over the cliff.

And just how is it to go on? In Bath? By commuting, of course. It is really as simple as that. Bath as it now exists presents an aristocratic idea thickly overlaid with static middle-class fudge. What needs to be done is to get rid of these stuffy obscurities so that the advantages CONTINUED OVERLEAF



The Pump Room. Spring water flows continuously from the well in the foreground. You take a glass from the rack—and probably tip half the water away when you taste how warm it is



The Pump Room at coffee time. An orchestra played there in Nash's day. Now there's just a trio and "dingy paint, stack chairs, potted palms..."



of modern life can make some kind of aesthetic contact with the racy glitter of this masterly piece of Georgian townplanning and so reinstate its original intention, which frankly was to make living amusing. Bath is one of the world's great monuments to folly. Those who made it would have been amazed at our reverent attitude towards it. Their witty neo-classicism was just architectural finery to them. They had small respect for historical purity and they plastered Bath Abbey with so many hundreds of boastful plaques that it now looks like a Gothic rack where Georgian Debrett left cards on the Almighty.

A little of the right kind of small respect would do wonders for Bath today. It needs that slight casualness of approach which generations of lively youngsters bring to the daunting beauty of Cambridge. Above all it needs a new tenancy.

There are exciting signs that this is about to happen. Those intelligent enough to realize that it will soon be no more difficult to reach a John Wood flat on Lansdown Hill than to brave the wastes of Pinner and Kingston will find that they have added a whole new dimension to living. The enjoyment today would consist of living in a faultless architectural landscape and belonging to a city still small enough to provide intimacy in social life. Every civilized amenity is present in Bath, but in many instances they



are ither in embryo or in abeyance. They need vitality. The Bath Festival itself, perhaps stimulated by the Ear of Harewood's activities in Edinburgh, this year takes on treater point by being presented by the newly formed Bath Festival Society and being concerned with new music. The highlights include the world première of Lennox Berbeley's Violin Concerto, the late Matyas Seiber's Pastoral & Burlesque for Flute & Strings and the youthful Fou Ts'ong's participation in Mozart's Concerto for Three Pianos, which should go well with the Chinese Chippendale. Yehudi Menuhin is the spirit behind all this. The Festival lasts from 1 June to 11 June.

The heart of Bath at all times is, of course, the Pump Room. There can be no going back to what it was but—with all the affection in the world—I do suggest that it might go on a long way from what it is. After all, the first thing one does in Bath is to visit the Pump Room; it is to the city what the Oracle was to Delphi, its raison d'être. It is the ante-room to the Waters, once divine and now merely hygicnic, half a million gallons daily of gushing thermal bliss. It was the room where the quintessence of the English genius, as displayed in the persons of Garrick, Gainsborough, Jane Austen and the whole rout of the Georgian world might be found on any evening of the week for nearly a century. One enters it with wild surmise—and





An elegant drinking fountain outside the Pump Room and an intriguing shop-front in a quiet corner. The Roman baths were rediscovered during the 18th-century replanning that started Bath's first age of elegance

"Heather Firbank hats" in Jolly's window

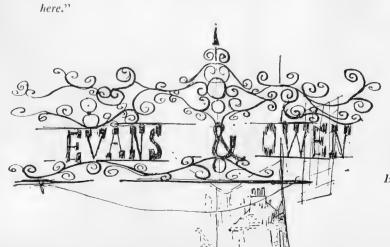
THE DIVINE DORMITORY concluded

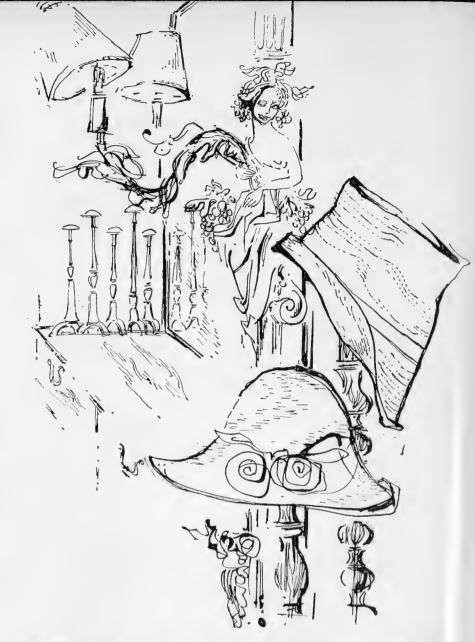
what does one find? Dingy paint, stack chairs, potted palms, a trio playing *The Teddy-Bears Picnic* and a sense of *thé dansant* in a town hall. "If you are 70," said the Assistant Spa Director to me, "come to Bath and you will live to be 80." All well and good. But the object now should be to persuade people to come to Bath when they are 20 and *then* let them live to be 80.

So have a season ticket to the Mendips as a change from Surrey. Come where the air is sweeter, as it hoots up the link-snuffers. Come where there are shops like St. James's in the country, some displaying impeccably half-stitched waistcoats (behind windows against which Goldsmith undoubtedly pressed his nose), others in the emporia stage still, shops like Jolly's, where one wouldn't be the least surprised to run into Heather Firbank ordering dozens of everything. Come to Bath to live. There is a tradition of service there almost unknown in London today. There is all the panoply of gracious living and solvent dying—only the dying has taken precedence for too long.

As a final bon bouche to the solidly handsome attractions of Bath let me add that a Béaulieu-like Jazz Festival is to be staged in June; that there are coffee bars for those who can't live without them; that the Beaufort hunts on the perimeter of the city; that the Assembly Rooms will have risen bright as the phoenix from their wartime ashes in 1962 and will house among other things Mrs. Doris Langley Moore's superb collection of period clothes; that there are rumours of summer bal-masques of an eccentric kind and that, against Brighton (its collateral cousin), Bath is cheap.

I hope it sounds appetizing. For a marriage between the chandelier and cathode-ray civilizations is clearly possible. And I'd hate to see Bath go the way of Williamsburgh, Kentucky—a colonial gem, as they say, where the waiters wear small-clothes and the signs say "Prithee park here."







Florentine fancy of Robert Adam's is the shop-lined Pulteney bridge, which is floodlit during the season

Bathonian elegance in a shop sign



The sorting-out mood is at hand and it seems a pity that it doesn't extend to no ional housekeeping. Here are some suggestions for items that could otherwise be thrown out, or at least swept under the carpet, along with the more usual bric-à-brac . . .

An further account, from whatever an, e, of the desert battles

Cultural exchanges with countries which, if the really wanted to exchange culture or anything else would simply lift their iron curtains

Peogle who never watch television but are always suggesting plans for censoring the programmes

Playwrights whose idea of an evening's theatrical entertainment is The Times' crossword puzzle in three acts

Wine that costs 35s. in a restaurant and 12s. 6d. anywhere else

Surtax

Columnists who denounce the propriety of intimate memoirs of their dead friends while kicking themselves for not having written them first

Sports cars that blow raspberries to make the neighbours think they have a powerful engine instead of just a lousy silencer

Aerosol cans that run out of propellant gas when they're still half full

Sneaky politicians who are forever getting their names into the papers by raising phony points of order or asking questions about things that don't really interest them in other people's constituencies

Cookery recipes that say "Simmer until tender" without letting you know whether it takes 20 minutes or 6 hours

Women who ask, just because you haven't a job, "But what do you do all day?"

Sunday newspaper writers who assume that their entire readership has Ovid at its fingertips

Food packages labelled "Six big helpings" and containing what are in fact four mean portions

People who hum while they're listening to a concert with you

Hostesses with a lower freezing-point than yours

Drivers with only one brake-light working

Men who tell you tax dodges at cocktail parties

People who tell you you can't get a decent meal in London

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

SPRINGCLEAN

CONCLUDED

Taxi-drivers who harangue you in an intimate murmur so that you have to sit on the edge of the seat and slide off every time they brake

Greengrocers who prove the ripeness of avocado pears by pressing their thumb two inches in

People who drop names they've never really picked up

Shops that are affronted by the suggestion that they exchange faulty goods

Polythene flowers

The wind on the Underground that rips apart a shampoo and a set in two seconds flat

Taxi operators who assert that there's no public demand for the mini-cabs

Big-store assistants who haven't got it before you've finished asking for it

Critics who've never read Freud, but can't get through any review without bringing in lavatory symbols, homosexual asides, or some reference to flogging

Take-over bidders who say the whole thing is in the interests of "economy"

Pools winners who say they did it with a pin/ aren't going to let it change their life

Lady Chatterley

The special gloomy voice people put on to sing hymns

People who come to dinner and don't once mention the food

Taste snobs who automatically assume that anything made by hand is superior to anything made by machine

Speculations about the date of the general election

Inverted travel snobs who say they've seen every continent but there's no scenery like the Lake District

Diatribes from Mr. Cecil King's new Holborn presses about "the people's disgust" with Prince Philip's big-game hunting, when every weekend his readers line the river banks hooking and suffocating fish

The epilogue and similar religious programmes apparently designed to suggest that Christians are cretins

Bleeding-heart reformers who are forever telling us that every misfortune from juvenile delinquency to over-population in Asia is our individual responsibility

Coal Board publicity about using more coal, when anybody who's tried knows that the kind she wants is virtually unobtainable

Dry-cleaners that advertise "24-hour service", then look pained if you want the things back before the weekend

Stores that charge you 5d. for a carrier bag with their name emblazoned all over it

Motoring writers who never tell you what's wrong with the current model until the time comes to tell you what's better about the next one

The growing tendency of policemen to tell lies in court and the growing official pretence that they don't

Hosts and hostesses who put the canapés on trays and then never pass them round

THE MAN WHO SPRINGCLEANED FASHION LOOKS



M. Marc Bohan (right) and M. Jean Chauvel, the French Ambassador, at the new Dior-London



Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian with Baron de Juniac, of the French Chamber of Commerce. Bohan's collection had a London showing in the Conduit Street Salon



The Marquise de Miramon. She lives in London with the Marquis and their six children, but more than 100 other French guests flew over from Paris







Translation in silk

This silk dress printed in black and charcoal on white was inspired by the Lanvin-Castillo collection. The skirt is mounted on a camisole top with a separate bodice worn over it. By London Town Dresses at Ivor Hartnell, Baker Street, W.1; Joan Sutherland, Maidenhead; County Clothes, Cheltenham, 23½ gns. Rudolf's hat is only at 56 Grosvenor Street, W.1, jewels from Paris House. David Olins photographed the spring fashions in Adam & Eve Mews, Kensington, where several artists live. Above is John Spencer Churchill

continued





SPRING-AFTER PARIS cont

The line of London's river in John Spencer Churchill's painting makes a backdrop for the current Dior line as translated in London by Polly Peck. She used white spotted black silk surah for this little dress with its broad self-belt encircling the hips and emphasizing the pouched bodice. Note among other points echoing Marc Bohan's collection, the just-over-the-knee skirt which flares gently to the hem. At Harrods, S.W.1; Catherine Martineau, Birmingham; Patrick Thompson, Edinburgh, 8 gns. The two-yards-long pearl rope comes from Paris House, 41 South Molton Street, W.1

London interpretation of a Givenchy dress is by Frank Usher who used a honey-coloured slub-weave rayon. Here again the skirt length is just over the knee. Other pointers: the sleeveless wide-necked easy-fitting sheath cut on the bias, the deep hem cut on the straight, the gay passementerie buttons and the rouleau belt. At Derry & Toms, W.8; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh, 12 gns. Rudolf's white piqué cloche is obtainable from 56 Grosvenor St., W.1, only. In the background is John Spencer Churchill's portrait of his next-door neighbour and fellow artist John Hughes-Hallett



Three with flair

Another London version of Givenchy, this time a suit by Koupy of fine wool worsted with jacket and centre seam of the skirt outlined in black wool fringe. A sleeveless white piqué blouse is worn under the collarless jacket. On sale, but not until early April, at Harvey Nichols Little Shop, Knightsbridge; Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells; Samuels, Manchester, 14½ gns. The blouse, sold separately, costs 4½ gns. Rudolf's black plaited coarse straw hat at 56 Grosvenor St., W.1. Gilt jewellery from Paris House. Drawings in the background are of Mrs. Charles Sweeny and Mrs. John Dashwood





Gay hat of beige chrysanthemum petals by Rudolf tops a two-piece dress by Arthur Banks in beige Tricel fully lined and permanently pleated. From Barnett Hutton, Oxford St., W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Sheffield and Southport, 17 gns. Gold rose brooch and ear-rings from Paris House. Artist in the picture is John Hughes-Hallett who began his career as a portrait painter and has now, along with his artist neighbours John Spencer Churchill and Timothy Whidborne (see overleaf), become interested in murals. Portrait here is of Miss Loretta Land from Hughes-Hallett's "blue period"

Winner in white-





This short evening dress with dazzle needs a girl with similar qualities to wear it successfully. London Town Dresses made it in eye-catching white shantung with deep fringes of white silk that sway provocatively in movement. An incrustation of pearls and iridescent beads is used for the embroidery to give an all-over shimmer. From Derry & Toms, W.8; Estelle, Manchester; County Clothes, Cheltenham, about 20 gns. The rhinestone fringe ear-rings come from Paris House. At the piano, John Hughes-Hallett, a talented executant, turns to music as a relaxation from painting



stayer in black

Black stayed a favourite this spring in Florence, Paris and London. Frank Usher chose it for this Diorinspired little suit in a silk and wool mixture. The skirt has the wide flared hemline now returning to fashion and the current flatness over the hips. A blouse of white crêpe (detail left) is worn under the low-belted straight-cut jacket. On sale but not until May at Derry & Toms, W.8; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh, 22½ gns. The top-knot of black tulle and velvet ribbon from Rudolf, 56 Grosvenor St., W.1. Rhinestone brooch and cascade pearls are both from Paris House





SPRING-AFTER PARIS Two ways with two-pieces

Matita's two-piece of fine mimosa Scottish tweed (opposite) has a natural belted waistline with an all-round box pleated skirt, a round, collarless neckline and short sleeves. Its matching jacket fits fashionably low over the hips. From Alexandrine, Grosvenor St., W.1; Rosetta, Bristol; Miss Stewart, Harrogate, 39½ gns. Fine white straw cloche banded with leather by Rudolf. In the background Timothy Whidborne, third of the artists in the colony, paints a trompe l'oeil cupola for the ceiling of a London drawing room. Mr. Whidborne studied for several years under Pietro Annigoni and paints in the same meticulous Italian genre

Modern as the moment, Linzi's little two-piece dress—a straight bodice is worn over a separate skirt—in slub cotton establishes a sharp contrast with Whidborne's Italianate landscape and his oil tempera portrait of Mrs. Paul Spicer. The dress is made in fondant pink with a white piqué inset giving the appearance of a belt. Linzi's dress is also made in many other colours and is obtainable from Norman Howard, Bond St., W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; Copland & Lye, Glasgow, 6 gns. The pearl and gilt fringe bracelet and the pearl ear-rings are both obtainable from Paris House, South Molton St. W.1



Miss Anne Skipwith & the Sutros' dog Peggy. Right: Springboard group includes Miss Louise Lawrence, Miss Fiona & Mr. Ian Scott

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

SPRING AT THE SUTROS'

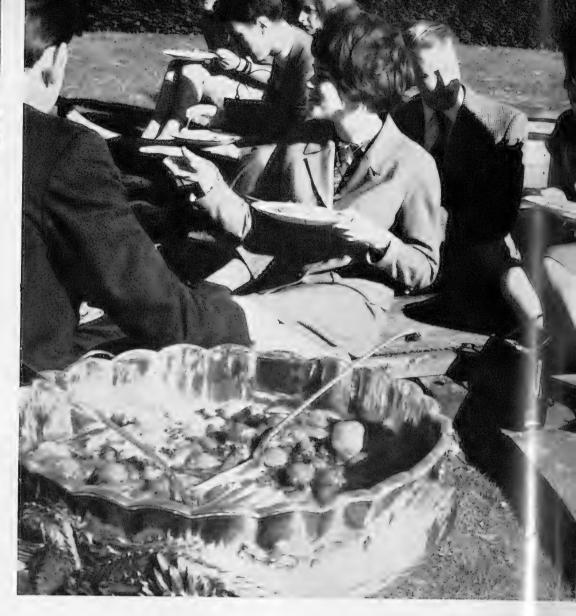
Beach mattresses spread out round the swimming-pool didn't seem a bit out of season when Mrs. Edward Sutro gave a luncheon party at Stocketts Manor, the Sutros' country house near Oxted, Surrey. It was for her débutante daughter Caroline, whose friends served themselves in the 15th-century barn and went off to eat outside. Major Sir John & Lady Johnson (shortly off on a visit to Canada) followed, and so did Mr. & Mrs. G. K. Dennis and Mr. & Mrs. Denis Ryland, pulling the garden chairs into groups on the crazy paving. The March sun shone so confidently that nobody seemed



Miss Sarah Peel, daughter of Lady Kenyon and the late Lt. Hugo Peel, will have a dance in June

surprised when a footman rolled out a trolley with bowls of strawberries and cream.

There were a number of girls who are coming out this year, among them Miss Sarah Peel, Miss Gay Bidwell, Miss Fiona Scott, and Miss Jane de Laszlo (she's to have two dances, both in Surrey). "At the beginning I wondered if I'd ever meet enough other Mums who would help out with dinner parties and that sort of thing," said Mrs. Sutro. "But since Christmas I've given up worrying. There's a never-ending stream of Mums and I keep getting asked to luncheon parties to meet new ones." She told



me that people are arranging house parties for dances much earlier this year: "Mrs. Harold Scott told me two months ago that she had already made arrangements for putting up 200 of those coming to her dance." (Mrs. Scott is giving a ball for the coming-out of her daughter Verena and the coming-of-age of her son David on 10 June at Corfe Castle, Dorset.)

Several mothers mentioned that getting friends to give country house parties for the young is more difficult this year; would-be hostesses are frightened by the increasing number of car smashes on the way home from débutante balls. An unexpected point, mentioned by Miss Georgina Denniss, was nylon sheets. "Oh, that's another thing," said Mrs. Sutro. "If you're in the middle of an area, as we are, where a lot of girls are having coming-out dances you simply must have stacks of nylon sheets. The laundries just can't get linen ones back quickly enough."

Out in the garden I talked to the Misses Sevin and Icten Erkin (nieces of the Turkish Ambassador Mr. Feridun Erkin), who are studying here. They will be going to some of the season's dances. Others at this gay luncheon party: Miss Viola Pemberton-Piggott, Miss Louise Lawrence, Mr. Simon Dyer (who is up at Oxford), Mr. Clive Mardon whose sister Susan is coming out this year, and the twins, Miss Sara Jane & Miss Anne Skipwith.—Muriel Bowen.



Miss Merrilees Ryland with Mr. Michael Balfour. Right: Mr. Edward Sutro (with dog) & Mrs. Sutro (in pale suit) welcome the guests. Their daughter Caroline (below) will have her dance at Oxted, 100





Fashion at St. James's Palace

Muriel Bowen's social notes

PROBABLY the most glamorous occasion of the week was the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers show in the three crimson State Rooms at St. James's Palace. It was attended by the Duchess of Kent and was the first fashion show in the Palace's long history. But then it was an occasion close to the heart of Prince Philip—a benefit for the Edwina Mountbatten Trust. The Duchess of Buccleuch came with her daughter-in-law the Countess of Dalkeith, and other familiar faces were Mrs. "Rab" Butler (whose husband drove up to the door to collect her afterwards), the Hon. Mrs. Sonia Cubitt and the Duchess of Fife-whose son, the Earl of Macduff, was born a little over 30 hours later.

The Trust, only a few months in existence, is "going tremendously well not only throughout the country, but throughout the world," Lady Heald, the chairman of the show, told me. In India, for instance, more than £36,000 has been subscribed.

Virtually everything was donated, even the champagne served after the show in the Picture Gallery. Also, many people who had been associated with the late Countess Mountbatten's voluntary organizations made a point of being present. I saw the Countess of Brecknock, her successor as Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Lady Templer was at the show and so, too, were Mr. & Mrs. Norman Joseph, Lady Festing and Lady Lucas, wife of Sir Jocelyn.

THE HIGHLAND BALL AT CLARIDGE'S

Everybody commented that this dance was "much younger" than last year. Miss Jean Malcolm, who did most of the work, explained: "This year we decided to go all out to attract the young." Methods included the "voluntary retirement" from the committee of some of the older supporters, and Mr. Adam Maitland told me that as he had several nieces of "the right age" he set them to work getting up parties. Enthusiasm was such that Ranald Macdonald of Clanranald, The Captain of Clanranald, came with the girl he married the following afternoon, Miss Jane Campbell-Davys from South Africa. "I thought coming here was better than anything else I could do in London tonight," he told me.

Sir Arthur & Lady Eliott of Stobs came with a party of 24. A splendid entrée it made too, with virtually all the men kilted. Lady Eliott's daughter, Miss Elizabeth Westmacott, who comes out this year (she is still at the Cygnets), was there. So was Miss Gillean Parker, who shares a coming-out ball with her in June. Other débutantes were Miss Juliet Deakin and Miss Janetta Parker.

Some dances, such as the Duke & Duchess of Edinburgh (which must have come near to damaging the hotel's foundations), lasted 25 minutes. "That's nothing to the Scots," said Sassenach bandleader Tommy Kinsman. "They've no sooner finished one dance, but they're waiting for the next." Similarly his band were no sooner off the stand for the supper break than Mr. Malcolm Fraser, Younger of Reelig, and some young friends from his Oxford days took possession of it.

ANOTHER PLAN FOR AFRICA

Col. Sir Tufton Beamish, M.P., who has become chairman of the Mafia Fishing Club, has been telling me of plans to attract deep-sea fishing and skin-diving enthusiasts to East Africa. His club is to be entirely refurbished and opened on an all-year-round basis about August. "There'll be no jazz or dancing," he said. "But the fish are there, and our aim now is to produce good food and solid comfort. No luxuries, though—except free oysters in the bar." Oysters abound out there.

Mafia is a green island off Tanganyika with sandy beaches. A landing strip has just been built, and a radio telephone installed.

MAURICE AT MONTE: Confusion in the captioning of two photographs in this set (22 February) led to Sir Fred Parkes being identified as Col. Geoffrey Darling, and vice versa. Apologies to both gentlemen.



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

First over the first fence in the first race: Mr. R. Cursham on Major J. R. D. Mayne's Topper II. The race was or the Mounted Infantry Club Challenge Cup at the Sandhurst Foxhounds & Staff College Drag Point-to-point, at Twe down

HORSES FOR COURSES



At Leopardstown, Aintree hopes showed their paces in the 3-mile classic 'Chase with 100-6 Jonjo snatching the race from Zonda in the last 100 yards

The Earl & Countess of Erne at the Leopardstown meeting



Col. Viscount & Viscountess Goschen with Mrs. II. M. Sainthill (centre) by the paddock



Lt.-Gen. Sir Nigel Poett, C.-in-C. Southern Command (meeting patron), Major R. E. Philips



Mr. Andrew Festing, third of the four sons of the C.I.G.S., was one of the starting marshals



Lady nne Fitzalan-Howard with Mr. John Stuart Evans who rode for the Duke of Norfolk



Meeting stewards: Mr. M. S. Close, Sandhurst joint-Master, & Lt.-Gen. Sir John Anderson



Field Marshal Sir Francis Festing, Chief of the Imperial General Staff since 1958, & Lady Festing

At Tweseldown (above) Army steeplechasers turn d out for the Sandhurst & Stat. College Point-to-point



Mr. Robin Laidlaw, a meeting steward, & Mr. James Marsh, newly made a racing judge



Mrs. Vigors, Mr. H. Eustace-Duckett, joint-Master of the Carlow, and Mr. Terence Vigors



Mr. John Ford, the trainer, his wife & Mrs. G. St. John Nolan. Her Zonda was second in the 'Chase

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

FACT FILM

First fact is that there are two ways of thinking about the look to go with the new clothes. For the new chiffons and swinging skirts can just as well take a vamp make-up as a frankly pretty face. Examples of either are illustrated on this page and they can be translated straight off it. Now for the facts of how to do it. The face at the top is a vamp-from the high, wide and shiny fringe to the smudge of eyes in a pale skin. If you are not convinced about fringes, then Vidal Sassoon who designed this hairdo also has a ribboned fringe (illustrated underneath). It can be tried on and made to tone with hair colour. The frankly white look of the skin is difficult unless your skin happens to be this tone anyway. What is pretty is a cool, camellia skin with perhaps a shade darker foundation to give depth. Everything pivots on rounded eyes with the fringe backing them up; so it follows that lips musn't be too competitive. But a pale lipstick doesn't have to be anaemicproof: Dior's 22, Lenthéric's Glacé Peach, Innoxa's Alexandra Rose. Or play it the other way, still uncompetitive, with deep, deep lips like Guerlain's newest, Titian-darkest, burnished copper.

Fringe fact

Facts for the alternative approach. The example by Harold shows how to keep the fringe (compulsory at the moment) without any hint of come-hither. The ear has emerged from obscurity to keep soft pretty hair tucked behind. And the face in front completes the second way to play up to spring—a pinky bent to the skin. Like the Italian Collection girls with their Boticelli-angel look.

Diet fact

To wear the new clothes successfully you have to be thin and the new way to achieve this lies in the bottom of a tumbler of water. Metercal blazed the trail last year and this year there are two new additions. One is new from America at Harrods, the Henry Sell low calorie diet which comes conveniently portioned into four envelopes with 225 calories in each. The idea is to cut lunch and have Henry Sell instead, this way you save about 700 calories compared with a normal lunch. A follow-up on the tinned variety is Dramal which has a day's supply, 900 calories, locked into a tin. Recipe note: all powder diets improve on chilling.

Fact forecast

Coming in: short hair which lost its hold after the shingle is angling back again. In a soft, shiny brushed-across shape with a minimum of back brushing. It will take months to settle on English heads, but by midsummer it should have arrived.



LORD KILBRACKEN

The wearing of the green

T's St. Patrick's Day on Friday. This, for as long as I can remember, has been a vital date on the calendar. In my English childhood there were two days of the year, coming always close together, which required by strict edict a declaration of loyalty: Boat Race Day with a large Oxford rosette, and St. Patrick's Day with a conspicuous sprig of shamrock. Both idmitted my attachment to forlorn hopes, to ninority parties. It was hard in those days to e a faithful Oxford supporter, because they imply never won; three out of four ribbons yould be the hated light blue, always triumphnt and always chosen, too-which could not out influence me-by the long succession of ursemaids who pushed my pram in Kensington lardens. Light blue was so much prettier, they

After five or six consecutive defeats, which remed like 50 or 60, I seriously considered going ver to the enemy (seriously, aged nine) and as sternly rebuked. My father, I think, would ave disowned me.

St. Pat's Day was similar four or five years fter the troubled time (let's say) when any df-confessed Irishman was a Sinn Feiner, lisloyal to Crown and Empire and to all things acred, a stick of gelignite in his pocket. (Am an Irishman? I really no longer know, if indeed I did ever; the point has been reached that I'm Irish in England, and half-English in Ireland, so you may take your pick. I once asked Brendan, our national living saint, for an easy definition. "A man is an Irishman if he thinks he's an Irishman," he replied, quick as a flick-knife. I still don't know.)

I always had to wear the green nevertheless, my Genuine Irish Shamrock from the fields of Kent or Sussex, and my bobbed black-stockinged nursemaid would now be in full agreement, winning silent glances of conspiracy and romance, as we circled the Round Pond with its kites and boats and swans, from the off-duty

Guardsmen with green in their peaked caps.

It was specially hard at Eton: the wearing of a buttonhole—any buttonhole—was, need I mention, a prerogative of Pop except on the Fourth of June, but Irish boys were allowed by special dispensation to sport or support the shamrock on the Seventeenth of March. When the box arrived the day before, from Fortnum's or Killeshandra depending on my father's movements, I would check with McGillycuddy, or Forbes, or O'Brien, that I wouldn't be the only one. Some moral support, always forthcoming, was still indispensable. ("They haven't sent you any? Here, I'll give you a piece of mine.")

I remember the occasion, fearful even in retrospect, when the President of Pop, probably Mann ma., actually slowed down his bicycle as he progressed majestically along Keates Lane on perceiving an unknown seug, me, Godley, heading resolutely towards him, eyes straight ahead, not visibly hesitating, with a great sprig of green presumptuously sprouting from the buttonhole of his unbraided tail-coat. My answer, unanswerable, was ready: "I'm Irish and it's St. Patrick's Day." But I could then see all the laws and conventions flicking in his head like the well-worn pages of a known-byheart lawbook, till he reached in three long seconds the necessary sub-section. His hand left his brake and he biked by like Zeus.

There was a bad year, I remember, when a madman called MacMahon tried unsuccessfully to assassinate the Sovereign. I was accustomed to the normal jibes, disdainfully disregarded: "What do you think you're doing, wearing that buttonhole?" (jibes almost always began with "What do you think you're doing"). Or "I say, look, Godley thinks he's in Pop," or "What do you think you're doing with that silly mustard and cress?" The day MacMahon hit the headlines, it was "Dirty Irishman!" all morning.

"Just because he happens to have an Irish name, it doesn't mean he's Irish," I said (though

he was, of course). I didn't know then—I only knew, in fact, about Virgil and iambies—that a President of France had carried the same name, which would have been a useful argument.

I've spent St. Patrick's Day in Paris—what's the French for "shamrock"? -and also in New York, where I stood on the jammed sidewalk of an all-green Fifth Avenue with a red-headed. green-frocked, shamrock-bedecked poetess from Grand Rapids, Michigan, as Irish as an American leprechaun and far more beautiful, to watch the great parade. It went on for several hours, and was principally distinguished by its absolute un-Irishness. There were firemen galore, and cops, and the licentious soldiery, and drum majorettes with lifting skirts as short (if this is conceivably possible) as their silk-clad legs were long, and negroes with green top hats, and a squad of green Chinese. But Clare and I must have adjourned for a couple of quick green beers-no kidding-when Connemara and Dublin and Mayo went by.

Ireland is the least exciting country for Patrickian festivities. Until this year, it was impossible to get a legal drink on the feast of the national saint—except, for obscure reasons, at Baldoyle races and the Ballsbridge Dog Show. These consequently had many visitors with no canine or equine proclivities on any other day in the calendar. The relevant law was enacted by the British, fearing demonstrations of alcoholic patriotism, and was ludicrously retained, for no reason whatever, after 1922.

It has at last been repealed, perhaps because this is the millequincentenary (if such a word exists) of the saint's death; but the perverse barmen, with good tips for Baldoyle, are threatening a strike, so it may be as dry as ever. What to do? Perhaps I'll fly to London, where Sean, I'm certain, will be celebrating in the Queen's Elm. Or there's always Baldoyle, the first day of the flat—I might even back a

COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE:
MINETTE SHEPARD
MICROFILM:
NORMAN EALES

The gay accessories

- 1 Lime and subtle ochre combine for a twisting vine design of hibiscus flowers on a pure silk square from Liberty: 29s. 6d. Other Eastern hues are available
- 2 Duck egg blue, stone and dulled gold beads intermingle in the smart "opera" length for a necklace—dipping to just below breastbone-level. Suspended from a gilt and turquoise clasp, it comes from Harvey Nichols' eye-catching collection of jewellery: £3 19s. 6d.
- 3 Dark grey glinting beads, sparked with pearls, make a bib necklace as seen often in Paris. It costs 14½ gns. and is exclusive to Harvey Nichols' Little Shop. The Boutique there is beginning to receive the first copies of the French and Italian Collection jewellery. Samples include Nina Ricci's chain mail gilt necklaces; Italian straw chokers; a gilt marigold set with coral; gilt necklaces with flip-over ends
- 4 Polished pebble pendant strung on a Mexican silver chain makes a key ring from a collection of gold and silver ones at the John Cavanagh Boutique: 4 gns.
- 5 White leather sporty shoe with a chiselled toe and a medium, squared-off heel of stacked leather comes from the new Roger Vivier collection. In coffee bean brown, black and tan too, it is on sale at Rayne, Old Bond Street: $6\frac{1}{2}$ gns. Casual, too, are Morley's tan 15 denier seamed mesh stockings: 12s. 11d. French oyster leather gloves, cut back to wrist-bone length with strips of punching running the length of two fingers are available at Marshall & Snelgrove: 65s.
- 6 Gold dazzles in a pochette for evening from Italy, knitted in Lurex, lined with taffeta and framed in gilt. Exclusive to Susan Handbags at £5 19s. 6d. these bags are also made in bright knitted silks
- 7 Bally's new shape for spring, the platypus-bill toe with a small, shapely heel, is shown in brightest pink shantung but is also available in white which can be dyed to order (12s. 6d. extra). The shoe costs 5 gns. at the Bally Boutique, King's Road. Setting it off: a mulberry crystal brooch with black braid circling the middle and an antique setting. From a French selection at the John Cavanagh Boutique: 12 gns.
- 8 Glossy black patent bag with the smaller, neater look that's ousting the giant bag. The handles, gilt-trimmed, grow into the main body of this design from Susan Handbags, Regent Street: 15 gns.



















CROSS COUNTRY CHECK

Upring's NEW CASUAL LOOK translates easily into country clothes that are both practical and in line with fashion. In this example by Wetherall the straight-cut unbelted coat has taken over from the classic raglan with side-vents compensating for the lack of fullness in the skirt. The cloth is a scarlet and white Prince of Wales check that reverses to a plain scarlet and the coat and patch pockets are outlined with scarlet braid on both the check and the plain side. Worn with the coat is a matching scarlet wool skirt, cut straight with an inverted back pleat, and a beige shirt blouse. From Wetherall, Regent Street. W.1, and Wetherall stockists throughout the country. The coat costs £31 10s., the skirt £8 18s. 6d. and the shirt £6 16s. 6d.





Opposite: A cluster of gold items found in the excavations of a tomb at Kyongju. On the plinth is a 5th-6th century gold crown with pendants of gold and jade, and two horns reminiscent of Viking helmets. Around the base are pairs of ear pendants. Photograph by GERTI DEUTSCH

The Oriental art cult-is it just arty? by ROBERT WRAIGHT

On some years now there have been periodic efforts to persuade us that Oriental influences are at work among us. When The World of Suzie Wong and Flower Drum Song came along we were told that women would soon be wearing cheongsams. We are constantly being advised that it's time to give our homes the Oriental look. The last Furniture Exhibition had a section inspired by the show Tokyo 1961, and sure enough the current Ideal Home Exhibition has an elaborate Oriental stand. Now a new hazard looms at the Victoria & Albert Museum, where an exhibition of Art Treasures of Korea opens on Thursday week.

Since it is now common form to find unexpected skill and deep significance in the artistic products of the most remote civilizations (the older the better) I forecast a critical vogue for Korea. For the treasures of the coming exhibition's title are treasures predominantly by virtue of their great age. The principal treasure, a large gold crown excavated from the Gold Crown Tomb in South Korea, is a primitive contraption of sheet gold so thin that it trembles in a draught like an Aeolian harp. Admittedly the workmanship is crude, but it is believed to date from the 5th or 6th century. If that is not old enough there is a large gold filigree buckle made four centuries earlier by a Chinese in North Korea. Here it is possible to admire the craftsmanship—this being a quality revered in ancient art and too often scorned in modern.

Yes, everything points to a Korean vogue, and I was not really surprised to read in my invitation that "Korean Ladies in National costume will attend the Press and Private View" and that "Press photographers are welcome." But at the Korean Embassy, where I had gone to find out what

Korean national dress is, I learnt, with real surprise this time, that the ladies are the wives of Embassy staff, that the "national costume" is, in fact, what they normally wear at home, and that they were unaware that they would be "good publicity."

So much for the diary paragraph I had imagined, reporting an Oriental cocktail party at a penthouse home in Tooting last night: "There were gasps of admiring astonishment from her guests when vivacious Mrs. Kithsman opened the door to them in the new Korean look, wearing a scarlet silk tchima (short jacket with wide, flyaway sleeves) and jokori (a floor-length, full, wrapover skirt) over yellow paji (ankle-length pantaloons). 'I always dress like this at home, it's so civilized,' said Mrs. Kithsman laughing gaily. . . . ''

My suggestion that the popular press—and, through it, the vast majority of people—was likely to be more interested in the fashion angle than in the art treasures, caused a little flurry at the Embassy. It was explained to me that the object of the exhibition was to further understanding between us and the Koreans, and to show us that they have a cultural background of their own. distinct from that of Japan and even from that of China.

This distinctive culture, it appears, did not develop until the Koryo dynasty, a golden age that lasted from A.D. 918 to 1392. Extensive government and court patronage resulted in remarkable achievements in many fields, including the invention of movable metal printing type 200 years before Gutenberg. But the Koreans' greatest pride is in the pottery of this period. Experts grow rapturous over its clear green glaze and inlaid decoration. Even to the uninitiated the romantically named Thousand Crane Vase, so-called after the delicate *motif* of flying cranes with which it is decorated, is eminently covetable.

Official patronage of the arts died with the Koryo dynasty and pottery became a folk art—from which the great tradition of Japanese ceramics grew, the Japanese warlord Hideyoshi having forcibly removed some of the Korean potters to his own country.

There is a spontaneity about this folk pottery that even now seems modern, and I found it again in the very last exhibit—a large painting of a dog dating from around 1800 but looking just as if it had been done by Lucien Freud yesterday. Alas it is a quality that revives my misgivings, for a touch of modernity in the art of the past is usually enough to set the knowing ones drawing spurious conclusions.

Which makes it only fair for me to say that I like the Korean art treasures, from the paintings in the Chinese tradition, to the handsome gilt-bronze Buddhas and Bodhisattvas and the perfectly preserved pots and pure gold ornaments. I like Chinese art and I like Japanese art too. I think that all these styles, being entirely intellectual rather than emotional, could act as a beneficial corrective influence in Europe if in fact anybody let themselves be influenced by them. But hardly anybody does. And if my welcome for the Korean newcomer seems mixed it is only because I see it providing new opportunities for chi-chi.

HEADLINE NEWS



It's go-as-you-please for hats this spring. They can be large or small, tilted this way or that, high-crowned or low-set, shaded by an enormous brim or off-the-face and with none at all. So every woman gets a chance and it doesn't seem easy to pick a loser from the exciting selection below. London designers made them all

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN EALES

Left: Rudolf tilts at spring with a saucy matelot in white piqué worn over the forehead with the swagger of a military cap. His tall hat (below left) in a fine Persian blue baku straw redresses the balance with a slant the other way. It is perched on the back of the head with a chou of matching ribbons over the ear to soften the line. Rudolf's hats are at 56 Grosvenor St., W.I

Below: Simone Mirman's show hat is in authoritative compathis season. Pierre Cardin a signed one to be worn with all a models shown in his Paris spr collection. Mme. Mirman's L don version is in a sapphire to and white Paisley print and can buy it from her at 9 Chest Place, S.W.I. The jewellery showith the hats comes from P House, 41 South Molton St., \(\)







A ove: An eye-opener to all but to wearer, Reed Crawford's hat which a diagonal tilt has a black cine satin ribbon headband encolling a crown of stiffened net on et with coarse mesh black we ring. Buy it from Reed Crawfoll at la Studio Place, S.W.I



Right: Finally a hat on an even keel. Jenny Fischer's confection of black net was inspired by a Persian turban. The crown is a high-swathed cone, the brim is made of hundreds of layers of net shaped like tambourine discs and as densely packed as carpet pile. From 16 Motcomb St., S.W.1

VERDICTS

The play

King Kong. Princes Theatre. (Nathan Mdledle, Peggy Phango, Joe Mogotsi, Stephen Moloi, Lemmy Mabaso.)

The films

The Rebel. Director Robert
Day. (Tony Hancock, George
Sanders, Irene Handl, Paul Massie,
Dennis Price.)

Pepe. Director George Sidney. (Cantinflas, Shirley Jones, Dan Dailey, Edward G. Robinson, &c.)

The Young Have No Morals.
Director Jean-Pierre Mock.
(Jacques Charrier, Charles
Aznavour, Anouk Aimee, Belinda
Lee.)

The books

Thus Far & No Further, by Rumer Godden. (Macmillan, 15s.)

The Loser, by Peter Ustinov. (Heinemann, 16s.)

The Beat Scene, ed. Elias Wilentz. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 14s. 6d.)

Provincial Daughter, by R. M. Dashwood. (Chatto & Windus, 16s.)

The Absence Of A Cello, by Ira Wallach. (Gollanez, 15s.)

Finn Family Moomintroll, by Tove Jansson. (Puffin Books, 2s. 6d.)

The records

You & Lee, by Lee Konitz.

Kaleidoscope, by Sonny Stitt.

The Art Of Tatum, by Art Tatum.

In Person, by Art Tatum.

Classic Piano Solos, by Jelly Roll

Morton.

Ragtime Classics, by Wally Rose.

The galleries

Peter Thorneycroft, paintings. Trafford Galleries.

Leon Underwood, sculpture. Kaplan Gallery. ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

Lesson for the professionals

SOME CRITICS HAVE SHOWED surprise that King Kong, the all-African jazz musical at the Princes, was given a rousing first-night reception and seems set for a considerable run. Their own impression was that the much ballyhooed show was second-rate in many important particulars. The suggestion that political sympathy may have had something to do with the eager friendliness of the audience will not wash. I remember only a single phrase in the whole evening that was slanted to encourage political sympathy. In any case the general playgoer, on whom a big musical must come to depend, is not naturally a political animal.

In my view the success of the piece should surprise only those who are accustomed to expect a certain standard of professional slickness which King Kong conspicuously lacks. It comes to us from Johannesburg as a piece of naïve but vital indigenous art put across with a most endearing vigour, and the audience, I surmise, recognized its special quality and found rare and refreshing its refusal to compromise its own simple truth with alien professional tricks.

There is no question but that this show has various shortcomings which American professionalism would quickly correct. The stage often overcrowded. schemes, sometimes warmly evocative, are at other times haphazard and unsatisfactory. The events, from the true story of the negro boxer who became a local hero. went to the bad and ended his own life after killing his girl, are not properly dramatized. They are too often left to a small side-chorus of washerwomen when they might be left more advantageously to speak for themselves in action.

But the spirit that informs the whole thing is irresistible and the constant applause it elicits I take to be a spontaneous token of genuine enjoyment. To dwell unduly on the shortcomings of *King Kong* in the presence of its insistent vitality is surely to convict oneself of setting too much store by professionalism—which is only, after all, a device used by experienced artists to conceal from us that they have not for the time being anything to say true enough to be said simply.

The authors of this show are so familiar with life in the gang-ruled shanty towns of South Africa that they can confidently let the material impose its own form. They may overcrowd the stage but there is no gainsaying that the overcrowd-

ing produces an exhilarating impression of colour and gaiety; and it is perfectly easy to take what we have been conditioned to regard as stage clumsinesses and to yield ourselves up to the rhythm and vitality.

The merest pause in the talk acts inevitably as pretext for the dance. Mostly the hip-swinging dancing is frankly erotic, but some of it harks back to tribal memories. The gumboot dance is Zulu ritual adapted to the townships; and the dance of the gangsters seeking to strike terror into the hearts of all beholders derives no less clearly from ancient war dances. Par icularly effective is a traditional long and dance chanted by laboures as they swing their shovels in an exact counterpart to our own sea-shalties,

POIGNANT MOMENT for the boxer-hero (Nathan Mdledle) of King Koi : as, returning from prison, he finds only a street arab left to greet him crispian wood hate



and the scene in which the whole company go into full jive is perhaps the one which sets the seal of success on the whole evening.

Mr. Nathan Mdledle is a towering figure as the vainglorious boxing champion whose fate is that of Othello. He sings powerfully and carries with him in his tragic death the sympathy of everybody but that of the bad men. Mr. Joe Mogotsi is the wicked gangster with a vigorous singing voice and has a crew of knife boys whose expressions are as uninhibited as their dancing is precise. A small boy, Lemmy Mabaso, makes quite a hit with a solo on a penny whistle. And Miss Peggy Phango is a fine specimen of the local femme fatale.

But the main appeal of the show rests on its sudden scenes which concentrate with warmth and colour the simple joy of living snatched from the hard conditions of the shanty towns. The most impressive of these is an enchanting wedding hymn cunningly lit and beautifully dressed which culminates in murder.

> ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

I'm addicted to 'Ancock

TOUGH LONG HADDICTED TO Ancock's 'Alfhour' (steam radio) lave never seen a single one of the evision programmes which have leared Mr. Tony Hancock to n llions. I had no idea what this e traordinarily funny man looked e until The Rebel presented him me, in Technicolor. I was unpared for the full face with those a most-Robey rainbow-curved hashy eyebrows but was entranced the changes of expression in to s unlikely pan, accurately registoing visually the moods made fa niliar by the inflections of the well-known voice: the mulishness,

the misanthropy, the bland assurance in moments of social success, the passing panic when things go wrong—and the basic, obstinately-held belief that, come the four corners of the world in arms, 'Ancock's all right. He is certainly all right by me.

Mr. Hancock is first seen as a bowler-hatted and umbrella-ed "something in the City," and proves himself a non-conformer in the film's opening sequence—when, by boarding the "Up" train through the "Down" train at some suburban station (East Cheam?), he bags a coveted corner seat and scores off the other office workers who have waited, sheeplike, on the right

platform-to their deep chagrin.

An artist at heart, Mr. Hancock suddenly throws his bowler over the windmill (more precisely, into the Channel) and hies him to Paris-where Mr. Paul Massie, an intense and talented young painter, invites him, over a glass of vin ordinaire, to share his studio. Mr. Hancock and his artless daubs create a vogue for the "Infantile School" of painting: with gracious condescension he accepts the adulation of the eccentric rich (Mr. Dennis Price, wearing half a Dali moustache), the "Sartre set" girls (identified by masklike make-up with a blue lipstick) and the bearded, black-clad beatniks.

Mr. Massie, feeling unable to compete in this demented field, goes home to London—leaving his despised paintings to Mr. Hancock to do with as he pleases. These somewhat conventional works are mistakenly attributed to Mr. H. by Mr. George Sanders, a suave art dealer, perpetually seeking something rare for his millionaire

ALL PULL TOGETHER at the big corporation H.Q. except stroke (Tony Hancock), darkly scheming to break his City shackles and make a bid for art and freedom across the Channel. From The Rebel





American clients to hang over their indoor barbecues-and on the strength of them he finds himself in the money and on the cover of every Paris magazine.

It is fun to be feted, even in error-but, all the same, it is rather galling for Mr. Hancock, who is perfectly confident that his own work is artistically infinitely superior. You can depend upon him to render, eventually, to Mr. Massie that which is Mr. Massie'sand to do so as much out of pride as on principle.

The script, by Mr. Hancock's TV writers (Messrs. Alan Simpson and Ray Galton), could have been tightened up to advantage, but at least it gives the star's highly individual comic genius plenty of scope. Mr. Hancock, whether battling with his bossy landlady (the divine Miss Irene Handl), or madly sculpting Aphrodite, or (in a sou' wester and gum-boots) actionpainting, or sporting a Wildean green carnation while ordering egg-on-chips and a cup of tea at the Ritz, or posing grandly for the press photographers, is consistently a joy to behold.

The Mexican comedian known as Cantinflas may be the greatest in the world today, as Mr. Charles Chaplin is alleged to believe, but there is little evidence of this in Pepe-an inordinately long, lush and, I thought, boring film, as cliché-ridden as Hollywood could make it.

Cantinflas appears as a simple peon ranch-hand who, because he owns a wonder-horse called Don Juan, somehow gets himself involved with a tiresome bunch of film people-notably Miss Shirley Jones, who aims to be a star, Mr. Dan Dailey, a has-been producer bent on making a comeback, and Mr. Edward G. Robinson, a finance moguł who is ultimately persuaded to back Mr. Dailey's projected picture. From what we see of the film within the film, Mr. Robinson ought to have had his head examined.

Cantinflas and his horse, whom (big joke!) he describes as his son, tag along on the Hollywood lot and on location: the poor little man falls in love with Miss Jones, believes she loves him, learns that her heart belongs to Mr. Dailey, and is last seen wandering away forlornly with his "son" into the middle distance.

To pep up this jaded old story, 35 guest stars have been dragged in. Putting in utterly pointless appearances, they practically jostle Cantinflas off the screen-and the great gimmick is, of course, that he doesn't recognize any of them. (Boy, what a gimmick!)

Mr. Bing Crosby signs unsolicited autographs, M. Maurice Chevalier sings (beguilingly) and gives advice on love, Miss Kim Novak helps Cantinflas buy an un-needed engagement ring, Miss Donna Reed drifts by carrying a label bearing

I grieve for the luckless Cantinflas, who must have hoped for a personal

SIRIOL

BOOKS

ON

her name, Mr. Tony Curtis falls into a swimming-pool, Mr. Frank Sinatra momentarily adorns a Las Vegas scene along with Messrs. Dean Martin and Schnozzle Durante, Mr. Jack Lemmon stamps around a car park dressed as a woman-and so on and so on, until you feel you have been sitting through the snippeted trailers of 35 entirely other films, any of which could well be more interesting than this one.

HUGH-JONES

Humming-bird & shopping list

EVER SINCE I CAME ACROSS BARONESS Von Arnim's Elizabeth & her German Garden, a book I dearly love, I have wondered why this magic combination of woman writer, garden and children has never been repeated. Thus Far and No Further, by Rumer Godden—a reprint of a book called Rungli-Rungliot, first published in 1946-mixes the same ingredients in a different way. The preface-note says: "There are only

success in this mammoth movie: Hollywood has swamped him.

In The Young Have No Morals, the endearing M. Charles Aznavour, a shy young Parisian, is taken in hand by M. Jacques Charrier, a practised wolf, who promises to procure him a girl. Students of "pick-up" technique may find the film rewarding. I didn't. There's too much easual cruelty in it-and the final orgy (since La Dolce Vita this is a "must") could put one off parties for good.

a few things in these notes-Work, Flowers, Children, Animals,

The book is indeed made up of brief, pared-down diary-notes on a winter spent on a remote Himalayan tea estate during the war. The author's companions were her two young daughters, their Swiss-Italian nurse, the Indian servants, a family of Pekinese, and a small guest called Henry who "is sure, quite rightly, that he is very beautiful." If what you are looking for is events of enormous drama, then nothing at all happens. But in fact the book is alive with passionately absorbing incident—marketing, planting flowers, decorating a Christmas tree, gradually adopting a 1 w rhythm and pattern of life. Ev thing is small-scale, domes ie, feminine in the best possible se ise

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

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VERDICTS continued

—forget-me-nots come up as cornflowers, the children write letters, the Swiss-Italian teaches the Indians to yodel. Each sentence is precise, cool, marvellously economical.

The special quality of the book, apart from the beautiful freshness and quiet of its prose, is the feeling of extraordinary serenity, the looking with new eyes at a newly washed, unfamiliar world. All factual accounts of life in a small, isolated community have for me a special enchantment, and this small lyrical unsentimental meditation, as down-to-earth as a shopping list yet sharp and flashing as a humming-bird, is a minor masterpiece and a book one will re-read many times with increasing admiration and delight.

Peter Ustinov's first novel has all the qualities that have coloured his plays—the love of paradox, the satire that also manages to be kind, the preoccupation with national characteristics and national attitudes towards war. The Loser is the story of a young German who becomes a Nazi almost by accident and dies in Italy without ever having properly grown up.

What I liked about it were the things I have always loved in the plays: generosity of heart, good sense, pity as well as anger for folly, and the serious moralist's purpose that is the driving force behind Ustinov the funny man. I now wait expectantly for him to launch into autobiography and opera.

The Beat Scene, edited by Elias Wilentz, is an anthology, mostly of poetry, of what the new young Americans are writing and, to judge by the many photographs, earnestly reading aloud to each other. It is a fascinating guide to territory that has not yet been much charted. Some of the poems reminded me a little of the nice old square Surrealists, and I was much taken with the notes on how a composite poem came to be written ("Albert, Lew and Jack had just arrived from Frisco and Fred had arranged for Lew to come to his apartment to take some photographs. When Lew came, he said that Albert and Jack were downstairs and was it all right if they came up too. Fred said of course and Gloria got some beer from the refrigerator . . . "). I am also fond of Robert Nichols's prose-poem called Mother ("Mother come back, I'm getting a complex without you. I fear I am not an homme du monde. There is so much about life I don't know. Take just the everyday things, I am almost submerged by them.") Many of the Beats look quiet, homely, terribly serious fellows behind sturdy horn-rimmed

Provincial Daughter, by R. M. Dashwood, is a domestic diary by E. M. Delafield's daughter, written in the same style as the original

with Many a Capital Letter. There is a doctor-husband, three small sons, an emotional German mother's-help, and a visit to the B.B.C. to give a talk. Muddling gallantly through and anxieties about money are what one remembers most clearly after reading the book, and it leaves behind it a faint, sad taste of depression, a dispiriting image of the middle-class lady smiling plaintively through too much washing-up.

The Absence of a Cello, by Ira Wallach, is an intelligent, wryly funny book about non-conforming American intellectuals (thermonuclear physicist and wife who has written a book on Celtic mythology) attempting to join Big Business and undergoing a personal investigation at the hands of the man from Baldwin-Nelson, the firm with a crash programme in refrigerators. The book is sharp, short, sweet and swiping and made me laugh, and when that happens I am not one to start niggling.

To my enormous pleasure, Puflin Books have issued that haunting and totally indescribable book Finn Family Moomintroll, by Tove Jansson. There are many more Moomin books, and I have fo so long been a slave to Moomin, his adorable cosy Mamma and his frivolous girl-friend the Sork Maiden with her eyelashes and fancy fringe that I cannot now be sure of sorting them all out.

There are some lost soul. I understand, who do not get the point of Moomin and feel it is all some obscure Finnish jest. Let me assure you that it is essention to give it a try at least. Speaking as one who has always felt it to be a good thing to go to sleep at the beginning of November, I sometimes feel much of my life is a search for the Valley of the Moomins. There can be no more delectable nor weirder place on earth.



The foundations of jazz

disciple of the ultra-modernistic Lennie Tristano from the late forties, has for a long time been accepted as a master in the technique of phrasing. In jazz, where a soloist is improvising to a large extent, this is a vital matter. The phrase is a series of linked bars, usually two, four, or eight in jazz and popular tunes. In modern jazz it has become common practice to run the solo line over the accepted CONTINUED ON PAGE 555



Three lovely examples from our collection of couture shoes made especially for us by Bally of Switzerland in silk soft Caravelle calf with matching handbags

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BOND STREET - KNIGHTSBRIDGE & MOST BRANCHES

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VERDICTS continued

break, thus extending the soloist to perhaps five or six bars before he pauses for breath.

It is most often expounded by the saxophonists-Konitz blows tenor-and it can prove most effective, as in You & Lee (CSD1331). In this LP he is supported by some most sympathetic arrangements from Jimmy Giuffre, that provide Konitz with a brass and rhythm accompaniment. His flowing style is essentially graceful, and I only regret the rather thin sound he produces—a common trait of the period. An altogether warmer sound is made by saxophonist Sonny Stitt, whose Kaleidoscope album (32-112) provides examples of his versatility on alto, tenor, and baritone horns. The tracks date from 1950 to 1952, when Art Blakey was just another good drummer on the up-&-up, and pianists of the calibre of Junior Mance and Tommy Potter could be hired at two a penny. Stitt has progressed since those days, but retains the fluid sound, the lucid phrase, and a mad driving energy which I miss in Konitz's work. Of the two sets Stitt's is by far the most swinging, despite more imaginative arrangements on the first.

Another master of the imaginaive phrase was Art Tatum, who trolls through 12 pieces from his tandard repertoire in The Art of fatum (LAT8358). These tracks vere recorded in 1940, which many onnoisseurs regard as his best eriod. I am inclined to agree, after omparing them with identical mes recorded earlier and later. here appears to be a greater freeom of idea, less repetition of his rilliant rhythmic clichés, and a ish more bravado than he ever splayed even in his memorable ries for Granz 15 years afterwards. must, however, mention a 1956 bum, Art Tatum in Person MB3314), that stems from a vivate party where he played. It is the only "off the record" session of his that I have heard, and it impresses me not only by the fluidity of his phrasing, but also for the incredibly relaxed feeling he conveys in every note. This session, of which I wrote not so many months ago, was originally issued on the Top Rank label, now transferred to Ember Records. Decades apart in time from Tatum's recordings come Jelly Roll Morton's Classic piano solos (RLP128111), but they are equally important in terms of any jazz repertoire. Morton was a composer, arranger, and pianist, but it is as a pianist that he will best be remembered.

These revived collectors' pieces contribute as much to the understanding of fundamental jazzas any record I know. Most of the tracks have been familiar to me for several years, and every hearing brings more enjoyment, new discoveries,

and an indescribable wealth of rhythmic subtleties. If you doubt me, listen to Wally Rose's **Ragtime classics** (LAG12242) and then tell me which is the more interesting!



Gleams through the R.A. murk

IS THE ROYAL ACADEMY REALLY AS black as it's painted? The question is prompted by the response of several newspapers to the election of three new R.A.s.—James Gunn, Norman Hepple and Christopher Sanders.

First came the London Evening Standard: "The reputation of the Academy has got to a point where election would be positively distressing to a serious painter." The Daily Mail followed up by confronting James Gunn with this "sneer implicit," as it called it, and noting his reactions.

Despite the inevitable gossip columnist's accent on money—"the highest-paid portrait painter in the country," "between £5,000 and £10,000 for a portrait"—Mr. Gunn emerged as a modest man apparently without illusions about the value of his work as Art with a capital A.

"Men like Augustus John broadened people's vision. I don't think I have achieved that," he said. But though this sentiment endeared him to me as a man it could not make me like his painting.

Looking again at reproductions of his portraits of the Queen. exhibited in the Academy's Summer Exhibitions of 1953 and 1954, I was newly appalled. Once again I found myself wondering why in this democratic age painters seem much more scared when face to face with the Sovereign than they ever were in the days of the Divine Right of Kings.

However, since election as a full Academician is virtually automatic within 10 years after an artist has become an Associate, it is pointless to rail against the new batch of Academicians.

In the past two years, at least, there has been an effort to get the so-called "serious painters" in as Associates. But after the rebuff delivered by Keith Vaughan last year I would not be surprised if, when the new A.R.A.s are announced next month, it is found that the enlightened policy has had a setback.

When I talked to Vaughan after the announcement that he had been elected an A.R.A., he told me he had never exhibited at the Summer Exhibition and could not remember the last time he had seen it. "I must go along and see what it's like," he said.

He went, and as a result of what he saw he refused the intended honour and remains outside. It is a pity. Firstly, because unless the "serious painters" accept election when it is offered there can never be any of them in the Academy. Secondly, because the publicity surrounding the "Vaughan affair" distracted attention from the fact that two other "serious painters," Anne Redpath and Leonard Rosoman, did join the progressive Fifth Column inside Burlington House, a column which in the previous year had recruited the sculptor F. E. McWilliam and the larger-than-life painter John Bratby.

In the past I have had many an occasion to knock the Academy pretty hard, and no doubt I shall have many more. But I hope I shall do so for the right reasons—and at the right times. Just now it looks to me as though the poor old thing is getting more and more broadminded and I hope it will continue that way and not be frightened by the "sneer implicit" or intimidated by the rebuff explicit.

Talking of Academicians, it occurred to me at Peter Thorney-croft's exhibition that there is a man who might one day follow Sir Winston Churchill as Honorary Academician Extraordinary.

Somehow during the past five years he has managed to combine painting and Parliamentary duties with such conspicuous success in the former that some people may think he is wasting his time as Minister of Civil Aviation.

The 35 pictures at the Trafford Gallery show that he has looked at a lot of avant-garde painters and assimilated many of their technical tricks. So far all his work is representational, but much of it is only just so and the indications are that it will not be long before he goes completely abstract.

At his best in architectural subjects—largely Italian views—which he tackles boldly with a painting knife, he has also a penchant for flower studies executed in an entirely different, quasi-surrealist manner.

No one interested in sculpture can afford to miss the exhibition at the Kaplan Gallery, for Leon Underwood is such a reticent artist that it is certain to be a long time before we shall see such a quantity of his work gathered together again.

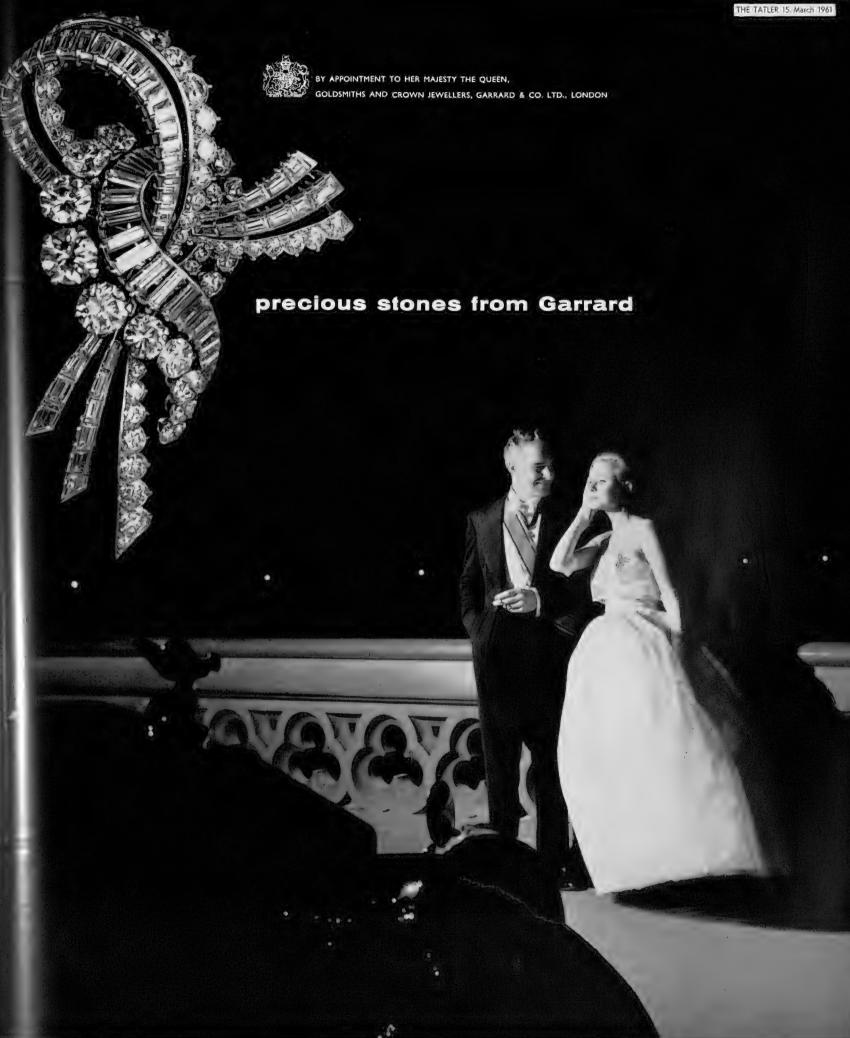
The exhibits range from this year's bronzes way back to the beautifully worked wood-carvings and marbles with which he established his mastery in the early twenties.

Analogies between landscape and the human figure, which we immediately associate with Henry Moore, can be seen here to have been anticipated by Underwood. But while Moore went on grappling with formal problems to produce his monumental art, Underwood became fascinated by the problems of representing movement.

LIFESECTION (1960), one of the bronzes in the Leon Underwood exhibition







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DINING IN

The froth that fascinates

Helen Burke

WHEN EGGS ARE CHEAP, AS THEY are now, it is sensible to make dishes in which they can be used more lavishly than usual. As we tend to forget that they are an ingredient of many outstanding sweet dishes, let us consider a few which depend on eggs for their goodness.

Following the recent publication here of Chocolate Mousse and Coffee Mousse recipes, two letters reached me saying that with the second there was a little tell-tale liquid coffee at the bottom of each glass. This had not happened in my mousse but, when I again made it, it did.

It appeared that the white chocolate I had recommended as an ingredient was at fault, in that it did not blend well with the others. So I went back to the original bitter chocolate and all was well. Several readers have told me that they have gained quite a reputation on this sweet, so for those who may have missed it, here it is

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE. For 4 persons, break up 6 oz. bitter (plain dessert) chocolate. Add a tablespoon water, a small nut butter and from a teaspoon to a dessertspoon sugar. Mix to a smooth paste over a low heat. Cool a little, then beat in 4 egg yolks, one at a time, and finally fold in the whisked whites, as for a soufflé. Turn into 4 glasses and serve.

For the COFFEE MOUSSE, dissolve a tablespoon of instant coffee in one of very hot water and use it instead of plain water in the above

Having a few soufflé recipes up your sleeve is a splendid idea. Now that eggs are cheap, you need not worry too much if your first two soufflés are not up to that marvellous one you had at that little country restaurant on your way to your holiday in the south of France. But the third could be.

Start with a simple VANILLA SOUFFLE. It could be the basis of all other sweet ones.

Butter the inside of a 7-inch soufflé dish. It could be of china or glass, but china being the thinner is the better. Sprinkle it with fine caster sugar.

Gently heat together ½ pint milk and a split half vanilla pod to infuse the pod. Remove the pod and wash and dry it for future use. Melt 2 oz. butter in a pan large enough for all the ingredients. Remove and stir in 2 oz. flour. Return to the heat and simmer for a minute or two, without colouring the flour. Remove again and stir in the milk.

(A wire whisk will prevent the formation of lumps.)

Now add 3 oz. sugar-preferably vanilla sugar and plain sugar, half-and-half, because the true flavour of the pod is extremely mild. Cool a little. Beat in 3 egg yolks, one at a time, or first beat the three together, if you like. It does not matter. Whisk the 3 whites (or even 4, though 3 will do) until they hold a sharp peak but not until they are like rough cotton-wool. Turn them into the cooled custard and whisk and fold and lift and turn until the mixture is smooth and free from any blobs of nonincorporated white.

Turn this into the prepared dish and level it off. With your thumb run a little "ditch" around the surface, about a thumb's width inside the dish's outer rim. (Chef Malet used to say that this ensured that the soufflé would rise straight up.)

Another tip is to get a thick piece of asbestos fairly hot on top of the cooker and place the soufflé on it for a minute or so in order to give at a small start from the bottom. That is really important, but I have seen marvellous souffles that did not lave this preliminary "lift."

Have the oven pre-heated to 400 degrees Fahr, or gas mark 6. Place the dish in that part of it which will give a good bottom heat and bake for 10 minutes. Reduce the heat to 375 degrees Fahr, or gas mark 5 and bake for 20 to 25 minutes in all. Serve at once.

This soufflé should not need a collar of paper tied around the dish in the first place. You would be surprised how few chefs do this.

SOUFFLE GRAND MARNIER can be made on the same basis. Because nearly the whole flavour of the liqueur is lost if it is all poured into the batter, here is my tip. Buy a miniature bottle of Grand Marnier. Add half of it to the batter before adding the egg whites. Soak a plain sponge finger with the remainder, then break it into 3 or 4 pieces. Place a layer of the soufflé mixture in the prepared dish and arrange the pieces in a circle on it, fairly close to the centre. Add the remaining mixture and proceed as above. I have found that this is the only way of preserving the flavour of any liqueur I add to a soufflé.

There is also the famous SOUFFLE ROTHSCHILD. You can use Grand Marnier or brandy as the liquid addition. Soak 4 oz. diced candied fruits for 2 hours in 2-3 teaspoons of any liqueur before adding them to the soufflé mixture, and proceed as before.



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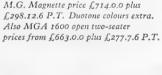
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MAN'S WORLD

A question of proof

David Morton

Bur.berry, n. A kind of waterproof cloth, coat &c. of this, made by a company of that name.

This inclusion in The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English is the ultimate accolade, for when a trade name passes into the language it follows that no other word adequately describes the product. How did it happen? About 100 years ago Thomas Burberry, tailor and sportsman, invented a cloth that was first proofed in the yarn then close-woven and proofed again in the piece. He called his cotton fabric "gabardine," and its special advantage over the earlier rubberized mackintosh was that it would "breathe." It was also so closely woven that it kept out rain, snow, thorns and even buckshot on one recorded occasion. It was endorsed by Captain Amundsen-"for sledge journeys, where one has to save weight, I must unhesitatingly recommend Burberry. It is extraordinarily light and strong, and keeps the wind entirely out."

The latest Burberrys are being produced from a new cloth called

Commander, woven of fine cotton and 100-denier nylon to give a microscopically fine weave. The pore radius is reduced to a minimum and the fine weave, combined with the traditional double proofing, results in an extremely waterproof cloth that is still able to breathe.

The Bundesmann test is standard for waterproofing. Samples of cloth are fitted over metal cups and water at a continuous downpour rate falls on to it while a metal bar simulating the wearer's arm rubs the cloth from underneath. The Commander cloth stands up amazingly-water continues to pearl after the equivalent of a four-hour thunderstorm, and the coat still looks crisp.

Raincoats made up in Commander cloth retain the classic style of the Burberry. Of the two shown the longer one is in traditional style with a Prussian collar, the shorter one has a two-way colur and flap pockets; in off-white or lovat, both sell for 15 guine is. From what I have seen of this cloth, Commander too deserves aclusion in the dictionary.

Like water on a duck's be k, drops continue to "pearl" on Burberry's Commander cloth a 'er a drenching equivalent to a forhour thunderstorm. Average :bsorption 17 per cent and percolation of 1 c.c. are remarkably ow







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in URTELLE

Work-out for the new sports Jaguar (right) on the Mira test track. Below: The fixed-head version

MOTORING

Jaguar's new bound

Gordon Wilkins





TODAY, AT THE GENEVA MOTOR Show, sports-car enthusiasts will head for the Jaguar stand—for on it is a new sports model with a performance as far ahead of its contemporaries' as was the original XK 120 which drastically revised ideas on usable speed soon after the war. The new model, called the E-type, accelerates faster than any other standard model sold to the public, as far as I can discover. It sweeps from a standstill to 100 m.p.h. in about 16 seconds and does 150 m.p.h. with the normal axle ratio.

There are two models: a roadster with folding hood (it can also be fitted with a detachable hardtop moulded in glass fibre) and a fixed-head coupé. Both are long, low, lean and thoroughly streamlined. They are strictly two-seater models, with space for a modest amount of luggage in the tail. The coupé will carry rather more than the roadster as the rear window swings open to allow luggage to be stowed on a platform which fills the whole area behind the seats.

Interesting features of the snug interior are the smart wood-rimmed steering wheel and an instrument panel which is hinged to give easy access to wiring and fuses if anything goes wrong. The seats are attractively finished with Jaguar's usual care, but I feel that on a car with such performance a lot of owners would like to have adjustable backrests. To give the driver the best possible vision in bad conditions there are three screenwiper blades, and an electric screenwasher is standard equipment.

The new models weigh about 550 lb, less than the XK 150 models, and this is largely achieved by a new body-chassis structure developed from the D-type racing model. With such a remarkable reduction in weight, there was no need to do anything much to the engine, which is the well-known high-compression 3.8-litre six. It has twin overhead camshafts and the three SU carburetters already used in the XK 150 S series, giving an ample 265 horsepower at 5,500 revolutions a minute. However, to keep down noise under the bonnet and avoid unnecessary power losses at high speed, the fan is driven electrically and is switched off by a thermostatic device when it is not needed. The gearbox is also the same as on the existing models, but mechanically the rear end of the car is quite new. A self-locking differential, combined with independent rear suspension, makes it possible to use the tremendous performance without a lot of futile wheel spin.

Differential, rear brakes and the suspension, which uses twin coil

springs and shock absorbers at each side, are all mounted on a separate frame ingeniously insulated from the body by rubber mountings to smooth out the drive and keep down rumble on rough roads. Front suspension is by torsion bars. similar to that on the D-type.

About the brakes, engineers have adopted the racingcar system of twin master cylinders, serving two separate fluid circuits, one for the front brakes and one for the rear. So it is almost impossible for any mishap to deprive the driver of all his braking power. The brakes are Dunlop discs for all four wheels of course. The driver's pressure on the pedal is supplemented by a new kind of vacuum servo developed from an American design. It is neat and compact, but women drivers faced with the need to stop quickly might be glad of something rather more powerful.

There's another point which may disconcert some women drivers—and also some of the men. Because of the low, rounded lines of the ear, the driver cannot see the last couple of feet of the body at front or rear, so parking in confined spaces has to be done partly by instinct.

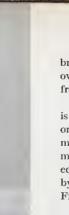
Though performance is naturally the outstanding merit of this sports car, it is no harsh racing model to be driven in an atmosphere of heat and noise, with one hand continually reaching for the gear lever. It is notable for smoothness, quietness and flexibility. Top gear alone will give more performance than most drivers have ever experienced, without using the gear lever at all except for starting. In top it goes from 10 to 30 m.p.h. in 5.7 seconds, then gets steadily into its stride with a fantastic surge of acceleration as the speed builds up in the middle range. Most fast cars are beginning to work rather hard as they approach the hundred, but the E-type will also accelerate from 80 to 100 m.p.h. in 5.7 secondsand goes on from 100 to 120 in fewer than nine more seconds. This kind of performance is as far outside the ordinary driver's ken as a ride in a space rocket.

Obviously, then, this is a model which is going to make sports-car history, as so many Jaguars have done before. It is not expected to cost so very much more than the XK series (which are still available) but exact details had not been fixed when this issue went to press.

PS. for competition drivers: For races like Le Mans where there is a long straight, the car can be fitted with a higher axle ratio which should enable it to hit speeds well over 170 m.p.h., at a cost of somewhat less electrifying acceleration.

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COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Marrying two crafts

Albert Adair

SOMETIMES TWO QUITE DIFFERENT crafts, when used together by a creative artist, combine to produce a work of special virtue. Its beauty is owed equally to each and neither craft conflicts with or suffers from proximity to the other. The crafts need not even be of the same century or country of origin. Obvious examples are the decoration in line and colour of the plastic forms of pottery and porcelain; the embellishment of a commode by Riesner with ormolu mounts in the manner of Gouthière, or the covering of a suite of 18th century French Salon chairs and canapés with a set of Beauvais tapestries.

But to my mind the most exquisite of these combinations is the mounting of porcelain on finely chased ormolu. The French excelled at this, probably due to the acknowledged superiority of their chiselleurs, but possibly also to their use of the mercurial gilding of

bronze (a method long since illegal owing to the danger to the gilder from the mercurial fumes).

A Chinese Celadon crackle vase is lovely in itself, but mounted in ormolu, the severity of its lines is melted in the gentle waving movement of the mounts while the linear economy of the Chinese is emphasized by the rococo romanticism of the French.

Shown here is yet another example, this time of Meissen porcelain figures mounted in ormolu as candelabra. This fine pair of candlesticks is now in the possession of Messrs. Frank Partridge of New Bond Street and can, I am told, be vours for a little over £1,600-all $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches of them!

On the right is a seated naked boy, draped with a rouge de fer and yellow cape. His left hand supports a basket of fruit; his right holds a bunch of grapes to his mouth.

On the left is a seated girl wearing a hooded cloak of grey splashed with black. Her right hand is raised to her face and her left hand supports a dish.

Both are on gold and white porcelain pedestals supported on shaped ormolu plinths and with ormolu trees behind the figures. Two branches of the trees terminate in foliated drip trays beneath candle sockets. The trees are decorated with ormolu leaves and Meissen flowers. They date from about 1720.

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Miss Elizabeth Douglas-Wilson to Mr. James Watt. She is the elder daughter of Dr. & Mrs. I. Douglas-Wilson, of Bromley, Kent. He is the elder son of Mr. & Mrs. J. A. Watt, of Dumbleton Cottage, Bromyard, Herefordshire



Miss Mona Kurina Douglas Kirk to Mr. Alexander Badenoch Marshall. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. L. D. Kirk, of White River, East Transvaal. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. David Marshall, of Transy Place, Dunfermline, Fifeshire



Miss Susan Dawson to Dr. Mark Irwin. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. W. Dawson, of Chelwood House, Embankment Gardens, S.W.3. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. W. L. Irwin, of Wainui Beach, Gisborne, New Zealand





Hoare-Ritchie: Felicity, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. B. Hoare, of Colville Hall, White Roding, Essex, was married to Michael Denison, son of Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. W. H. D. Ritchie, of Westernhay, Weybridge, at St. Mary the Virgin, Hatfield Broad Oak



Wollen-Witt: Juliet Mary, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. J. H. Wollen, of St. Annes, Torquay, was married to Maj. Nigel Outram Evered Witt, R.A.S.C., son of Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. J. E. Witt, of Trecaven, Rock, Cornwall, at St. Mark's, Torwood



KNIGHTSBRIDGE STUDIOS Agnew-Davies: Penelope daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Agnew, of Great Kimble House, near Aylesbury, Bucks, was married to Capt. Norman Davies, R.A., son of the late Mr. E. E. Davies, & Mrs. Davies, at St. Nicholas's, Great Kimble

Weddings

Varley-Turinas: Martha Alexandra, daughter of Mr. A. N. C. Varley, of Hewton House, Bere Alston, Devon, and the late Mrs. Varley, was married to Ian, only son of the late M. Michel Turinas, and Mme. Turinas, of Kaunas, at St. George's, Hanover Sq.







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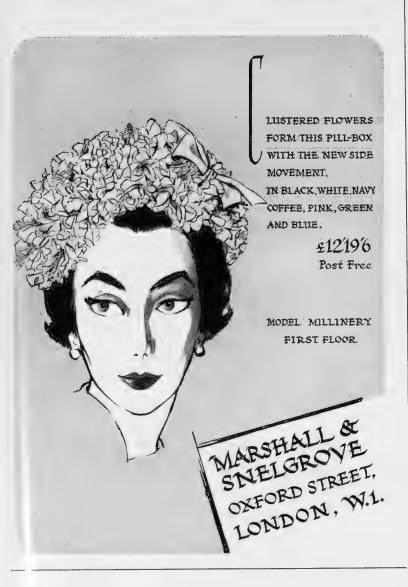


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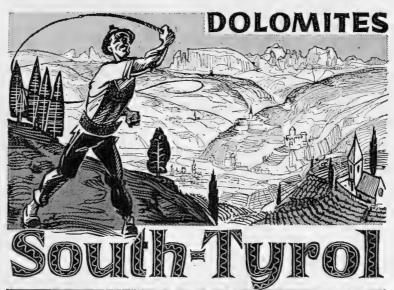
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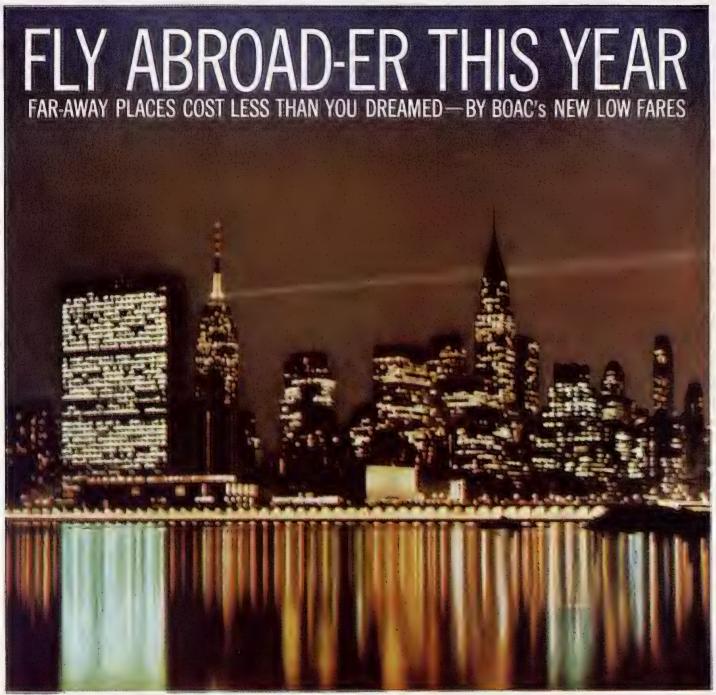


SUNDAY MORNING, SOUTH ATLANTIC

EXTRACT FROM LOG: Vessel, the good ship WINDSOR CASTLE, 38,000 tons. Due in at Cape Town in four days. Last night, cinema, followed by dancing on deck under fabulous moon. Latitude 10 South. An hour ago, Church Service conducted by Captain in Lounge. Time, half an hour to go to lunch, served on deck today. Weather, sun in a clear sky. Sea, dead calm. Passengers' comments overheard:— "I'm supposed to be travelling on business, but this is a 5-star holiday!!"

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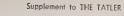
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E RITISH







The nearest thing to lotus-eating in this nodern age is sailing by P&O-Orient liner, Oconsay, from London to Sydney. I know, I've just done it. John, my husband, and Sarah, my eighteen-year-old, will bear me

To begin with, we never did a single thing we didn't want to.

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If we wanted to laze on the deck in the sun, served with delicious drinks by a steward who seemed to be telepathic, that's what we did.

If we felt like retiring to our comfortable air-conditioned cabins, no one thought the worse of us. If we wanted to meet new people, that was easy. If we wanted to be left alone, nobody bothered us.

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Queen was called Liberty. But he'd rather be a Jackanapes and carry on smoking. Before he was cut in half in 1870, he had short, fat legs. Now that Player's have redesigned him with those smooth cigarettes, he'd just as soon sit still and enjoy them anyway.

The Knave of Hearts is a soldier. He normally carries a battleaxe in one hand and an olive branch in the other, being descended from the god Mercury. During the French Revolution, when they denounced all the Court cards, he was called Equality, and his



Even Knaves love Player's

The Knave is a bit of a card. He is keen on the Queen, and now Player's have redesigned him and put their good cigarettes in his pocket, he is always ready to offer her a smooth cigarette and light it for her. If the King ever catches him at it, he'll get his head cut off, but until then he's alright Iack. He's worth ten of the best to

most players. All these happy smokers have a pleasant superstition about the Knave. As soon as he is dealt they pull out a packet of Player's and light up. They call it *One for His Nob*. Even people who don't play cards do this, because though they may not like cards, they just love Player's

Be sure of sunshine...



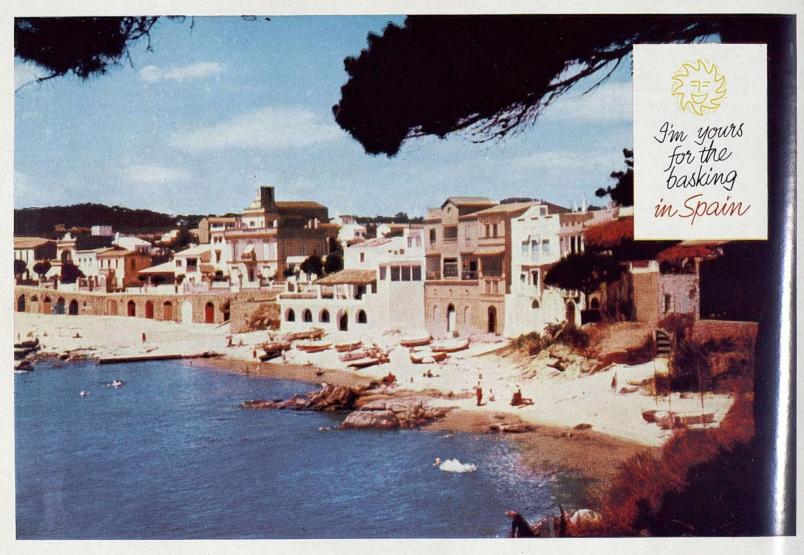








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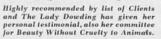
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